Tros Tyriusque mibi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Ingratitude

"THERE was a young couple who wanted to get married and they went to the license bureau for a license. Then they refused to swear that their statements of age, condition of servitude and so on were true."

"Yes, we read about it."

"It was against their religion to swear and after a lot of trouble, the clerk in the bureau had to let them *affirm* the statements instead."

"Yes, we read the whole thing."

"I'd like to see that young man five years from now affirming it was business kept him out till three in the morning. I would indeed!"

You can see what a trial this would be if it went on all the time, and it does. It was all very well to publish the story Emma wrote and to praise her for it, but if we had known how it would affect her — well, things might have been different. For a month now she has missed no single opportunity to make what she considers clever remarks, happy effluvia of genius. There is no stopping her. The other day when we were closing up our desk after ten hours of hard labor, looking forward to peace and quietude, she raised her head from a dog-eared Plato and, devils in her eye, intoned:

"What is justice?"

"Man can imagine," we answered wearily, "only what he has himself experienced. How should we know?"

"Justice," she ignored, "is the shortest distance between two or more pocketbooks."

More and Worse

ONLY yesterday we were leaning back in our chair thinking how pleasant it would be on a golf course. Moments passed agreeably while we saw ourselves thumping out three-hundred-yard-drives, sinking incredible putts. But an eye, as of an Ancient Mariner, was fixed upon our face, and Emma spoke:

"You're thinking about this third party agitation. I can feel it."

Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. So we stopped dreaming and she went on:

"You probably agree with Dr. John Dewey and Mauritz Hallgren and all the others that there ought to be a third party, that the intel-

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lectuals ought to get together on a platform, organize themselves, educate the voters in their principles and tie up somehow with the political machines of the Progressives and Farmer-Laborites and Socialists. You probably think that if they ever did get down to serious dirty work instead of just talking and writing, and kept at it for fifteen or twenty years, they could elect a President, run the country and bring back good times, if we ever had them."

We confessed it was so, more or less, adding that we had no palest pink illusion that they ever would.

"Well," said Emma, swelling visibly, "it's all silly. I have a much better plan, one that would really work, and in a much shorter time."

She paused dramatically, and we suggested getting on with it.

"All right," she said, nettled-appearing. "All the Socialists, Farmer-Laborites, Progressives and the few intellectuals not already there should move at once to New York, overrun Tammany Hall and then, as the government of Manhattan, secede from the Union. What could be simpler?"

"Dear, dear! A Secessionist, Emma! What would Calhoun say? Where would it all lead?"

"Well, you see, everybody outside New York hates New York, its wealth, fleshpots and so on. They blame Government corruption on Wall Street, and New York's thirty-five thousand speakeasies are anathemata to Dry tonsils all over the Middle West and South. Now if Manhattan were a separate state, the very first thing it would do would be to renounce even the name of Prohibition, and this would so enrage the rest of the country that it would organize a vast army, declare war on the island, and descend on it in hordes, killing and pillaging till no New Yorker remained alive, no night club or speakeasy or building in Wall Street unrazed. Then there would be no one left to want a third party. There would be no Wall Street to corrupt the Government. There would be no one left to object to Prohibition. Everything would be just lovely."

"It certainly would. But Emma, how about the economic planning, low tariff, equalitarianism and so on that the third party would stand for? They'd be wiped out, too, wouldn't they?"

"Yes, I suppose so," she admitted, with a trace of melancholy; then, brightening, added, "But there'd still be the Anti-Saloon League, the good old Anti-Saloon League."

She sighed with relief. We sighed with relief.

Solved

IT MAY be that most of you readers have forgotten, if ever you read at all, how we happened to acquire so strange an office accessory as this whale. Our explanation at the time was not a model of clarity, for our mind was in a state best described as chaotic. The facts were thus: We had written a scathing denunciation of animal pets, concluding with the remark that only a whale named Emma could please us in that category. Then we walked into the office one morning and found her, full-grown, vocal and with a tag tied to her neck inscribed "Emma: From a Friend."

The mystery of her appearance

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was never solved. At first we sought diligently for our "friend" and his means of spiriting her into our not so capacious offices, so that we might likewise spirit her out, but then we fell into an attachment for her and gave up the search. Despite her volubility on all other subjects, Emma has never divulged the secret of how she was brought in without destroying the building.

Now, however, we have read a document which throws light — and weird light — on the question. This is a book called *Lo!* by Charles Fort, in which he describes innumerable instances of a phenomenon he names "teleportation." He means (in case you have not read the book, which you should do at the first opportunity) the delivery onto this sphere, or from one part of it to another, by incalculable methods, of all sorts of objects, from small stones to monsters the size of behemoths, and larger. These objects drop slowly, in violation of the anachronistic law of gravity, out of the sky sometimes, in either bright or rainy weather; sometimes, as in the case of oil flowing in Ireland, they appear at the ceiling of a room, without apparent damage to it. He even describes cases construable as the arrival of men in flying machines from other worlds, and observes that the more degraded of them, discontented with the higher civilization presumably obtaining on the other worlds, might have remained here, "wallowing in pulpits" or even going as far as they could down the social scale to sit in the halls of Congress. He says their slightly foreign appearance might cause no particular comment among our motley races.

To us Emma has a distinctly foreign appearance. Can this be the explanation, that she is a visitor from Mars?

Letter from Congress

WE WISH to thank Mrs. Ruth Pratt, our Congressman, for her kind offer to send us bulletins from the Department of Agriculture "of interest to residents of cities and towns." Some of the titles are fascinating, as: *Book Lice; Disinfection of Stables; Flytraps and Their Operation; Wintering Bees in Cellars; Grape Propagation; Wild Garlic and Its Control.*

Quite apart from our residing in cities or towns, we have an intense curiosity about these things, particularly book lice, a menace hitherto unknown to us, and the control of wild garlic, which we assume would also cover tame and domestic varieties. If we had this secret at least half the horror of metropolitan congestion would be done away with.

But we think of that Treasury deficit. Here is one way we can do a mite toward reducing the taxpayer's burden. So, Mrs. Pratt, we beat down our curiosity, sacrifice our personal interests and refrain, till times are better, from taking up your offer. But we shall remember. W. A. D.

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These Pregnant Thirties

By Struthers Burt

"It has become an utterly protestant world in the final sense of the word"

We stand, it seems fairly certain, at the beginning of change. The winds are big with possibilities, especially in this country. And, unless I am very much mistaken, the gist of this change, its essential quality, will be different from anything that has happened.

One hesitates. Yes, naturally.

To predict anything new in the world is audacious, possibly naïve. History has a heartbreaking way of repeating itself. Life seems to move in gigantic circles like a slow turning wheel to whose glittering outer edge we cling, eager or meditative or drunk with sleep, like flies. No sooner is the zenith reached than the descent to another nadir is begun. A generation, sick with the lies and compromises of the generations ahead, sets out to find the truth, and through one decade, and two, and three, this pursuit waxes until, invariably, it ends in folly and license. The world has never yet been able to stand the dregs of the strong wine of frankness, its heel-taps. Then once more disgust, but of another kind, functions and reaction begins.

The process is so historic that it can almost be charted, even in regard to time. For some strange reason the beginning and the end of the centuries seem to be the favorite periods of revolt, and then the centuries pick up the threads and knit them once more into the colorful but suffocating patterns of repression.

Perhaps this is because there is often, at the beginning of a century, a great war, and great wars tear apart the untruths which form a blanket for the self-esteem of man. At all events, the first two decades of the present century have practically duplicated the first two decades of the last. The figures of Napoleon and William of Hohenzollern are almost indistinguishable except that William is taller and speaks German. What happened to England then — the transfer of the gold reserve, the hegemony of the world, the hatred of other nations, with all that these imply financially, politically and socially — is happening to us. And surely even our own flaming post-war youth did not out-flame the then Prince of Wales and his companions. The observer can perceive quite clearly the change in our manners, and manners are the surest outward

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indication of what is happening underneath.

England, too — you have only to regard the Elizabethan period — was an eager, boastful and provincial nation, and the English still are, underneath, a passionate and lyric people, but for over a century now they have fooled other nationals by their surface coldness and self-containment. Well, how otherwise, having money and power, can you meet a universal hatred you can not change by persuasion?

THIS charting, of course, is rough and inaccurate. What is going on in one country at a given time is not always going on in another. But even here one must be chary of surface appearances. For example, while late Eighteenth Century France was flaming in revolt, late Eighteenth Century England seemed sunk in reaction, the more reactionary because of what was happening in France, and yet the seeds of revolution were sprouting in England, although they did not show above the surface until the time of Wordsworth, or, politically, until the Reform Laws over a quarter of a century later. Again, the new republic of the United States repudiated the excesses of France but, to begin with, it had been the American Revolution which had set the torch to the French bonfire.

Furthermore, this charting is subject always to an invariable emendation. The wheel of the centuries does not turn upon exactly the same axis. The circles it makes are not concentric. There is a slow progress. The plane of the new circle is a trifle higher. Even the Dark Ages were an improvement upon the Roman Empire, for they broke up a system that had become rigid and ploughed the ground for the crops to come; even our own industrial slavery is not as bad a slavery as that which preceded it. But to predict a change in the actual circumference of the circle is another thing. That seldom happens and when it does it is earth shaking. It happened when the Aryans overran Europe, it happened when the Roman Empire was destroyed, it happened when the Feudal System gave way to the Renaissance, it happened with the Reformation, to mention some of the rare and epochal occasions. Neither war, plagues nor dynasties have any real historical importance except when, every now and then, they have changed the way in which people think.

THESE forces which control and change the way in which people think are, of course, mysterious and hidden and manifest themselves in different guises, but it is safe to assume that they are world-wide and it is safe to assume that wherever they appear they are more matters of class than of nation. Workingmen, at a given time, think more or less alike everywhere. Capitalists think more or less alike everywhere. There is not a pin's difference between the Babbitts of France and the Babbitts of the United States. And so when there is a definite movement observable among the youth of the United States, it is fairly certain, as of course it is, that there is a definite movement among youth everywhere.

That there is a definite movement among the youth of the United

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States, even if that definite movement so far seems to be only in the direction of further indefiniteness and disillusion, is clear to anyone who cares to look. And it is almost equally clear that this movement has as little to do with the generations immediately following the War as it has to do with the generations immediately preceding the War. It is neither a throw-back to late-Victorianism nor the outcome of flaming youth. It is separate and self-contained, although of course, it owes much to both late-Victorianism and flaming youth. At least, they cleared the ground for what is happening today. But intrinsically modern youth seems to have no more to do with the youth that the War killed, physically or spiritually, than it has to do with the youth the War taught so badly. It is neither eager and hopeful, if still late-Victorian; nor drunken, flaming and desperate.

THE American Mercury, George Jean Nathan, the round-table at the Algonquin, the writings of Scott Fitzgerald, all but "The Great Gatsby," and — possibly — those fine stories, "All The Sad Young Men," the satirists and sexualists of the last decade, necessary and fine as was their work of clearing the jungle, seem as old-fashioned as do Mrs. Wharton and the rosy-cheeked, supercilious, pre-war radicals of The New Republic, who thought the world could be saved by a purely intellectual, slightly snobbish interest in the workingman. The tidal-bore of a far more sweaty, far more direct, far more grave and realistic and imaginative world has swept around and past them, leaving them isolated on their little sandspits of antedated controversy.

But what is the new trend of thought, the new method of thinking, which the 'thirties seem to be facing? These are difficult questions to answer because as yet there are no conclusions, merely tendencies and causes for those tendencies. One thing, however, can be done definitely, and that is to remove misapprehensions.

FREQUENTLY on the edge of real revolution, social or political, whether it emerge into actual war or not, there is a surface calmness which deceives the beholder. This is because the real revolutionist has become more assured and less explanatory. When this happens, the figure of the wheel, a common one, is remembered, and outer manifestations are mistaken for inner meanings.

This seems to be the state of mind of many of the mature today. They are congratulating themselves unwisely and prematurely, on the demise of "the younger generation." Skirts, as they have done a hundred times in history, have gone up and now they have come down, and accompanying this withdrawal of feminine generosity has been the customary recession from drunkenness on the part of the male. Well, this has happened after every great war, or plague, or any other up-setting of the human race. Ladies have always been generous and gentlemen have always been drunk, and then everyone has wakened up with a headache and settled down. In 1812 and thereabouts ladies wore empire gowns of silk, and nothing else, and

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to be more coquettish, they wet with water these already transparent garments. And after that, and not so long after, we had Queen Victoria.

Perhaps . . . Possibly, as so many of the mature think, we are now going into another period of antimacassars, pantalettes and the Episcopal Church, uncontradicted, but I doubt it. It is not improbable that we may be going into a period of pantalettes, for the pyschology of costume is such that after a decade or two of display, pantalettes, or their equivalents, are found enticing; and it may be that we will, since men have once more taken to hair-oil, adorn the backs of our chairs with antimacassars, but there will be different legs inside of the pantalettes — or their equivalents — and different thoughts in the sleek heads reclining against the antimacassars. And you will notice that although skirts have come down, they have only come down for especial occasions. Women have retained an autonomy on this subject that is new to the sex. As for the Episcopal Church, uncontradicted, it seems to me that is gone forever — Forever is a large word; perhaps I had better say that the Episcopal Church, uncontradicted, will disappear for a long time to come. It will take another Dark Age and the slow ascent from it to produce again a poet like Lord Tennyson; which is a great loss to the beauty and science of verse, but a great gain socially and spiritually.

I do not believe that many of us have as yet awakened to the fact that we are entering upon one of those epochal periods, which I have already mentioned, when the thought of mankind changes. Indeed, long after we are well into that period it is doubtful how many will recognize this fact, for one of the oldest attributes of humanity is its imperviousness to what is happening. We read with bated breath descriptions of the Black Plague, unaware that during the late war we went through a Black Plague of our own when over twenty million people throughout the world died of influenza; and it will be several decades before what these 'thirties seem likely to bring forth, or, at least, what they seem likely to begin, will be generally admitted.

Something has definitely gone out of the world and there is a vacancy waiting to be filled; a vacuum, possibly, which nature abhors. An actual reaction to Victorianism, or any other form of actual reaction, is impossible, for the mental and spiritual material for such a reaction no longer exists.

I mentioned the Reformation as one of the great occasions that altered man's way of thinking. Since the Reformation there has been no other great spiritual or mental change. There have been other great subsidiary changes which have altered man's life greatly and to some extent his thoughts — the discovery of America, the rise of science, with its method of approach, the industrial revolution, the solving of the problem of quick transportation — but these have been directly the outcome of the state of mind the Reformation engendered, and mankind, however loosely, has thought within the patterns drawn by the Reformation. That is to say, part of mankind

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has thought that way, and part has thought within older patterns, but these older patterns whenever they have come up against the newer have given way bit by bit, and even within these older patterns, the more intelligent have reserved, quietly, the right to think what they were thinking. It seems to me that we now stand definitely at the end of the Reformation, and, since the end of anything is the beginning of something else, at the beginning of a new approach to life. Or perhaps, to put it more accurately, we have now reached the *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory of the Reformation which, like every other *reductio ad absurdum*, is so utterly opposed to the laws and opinions of the founders of a theory as to be, in reality, quite another thing. We have come to the *reductio ad absurdum* of protestantism, although the result is likely to be not absurd at all.

THE core of the Reformation was a belief in man's individual rights and his right to think individually, but since it was a religious and to some extent formal movement, it at once displayed its own inconsistency, that is, as a religious and formal movement. In its assumptions lay the seeds of its own destruction. Since, by its own declaration, it could not prune its branches, these branches could grow in every direction, and they have. Meanwhile, man seized eagerly upon the essential part of this programme and ever since has been thinking individually, however wrongly, and with increasing vigor. Recognizing the inherent contradiction in formal protestantism he has become more and more an informal protestant and an individual one. The end of such a process is of course clear, and is already evident in the outcries of the Protestant churches. In short, we are at last the acme of protestantism, but the hen that hatched us would fail to recognize her chickens. For over three hundred years we have been living under the ægis of the Reformation, whether we were in revolt against it, or its symptoms, whether we were unbelievers, no matter how scientifically minded we were; now we are beginning not to live under that ægis. An entirely new world opens up before us.

WHAT is this new world to be? The prospect is exhilarating if somewhat frightening. The prospect, of course, is still vague, hung with mists, but faintly discernible beyond are incredible peaks. For the first time in all his long history man is entirely on his own; therefore, for the first time in all his long history, he is at length in a position to become really a man. He has cleared the earth of all but himself. He is as much without sanctions and traditions as were his earliest ancestors, but unlike them he has back of him thousands of years of experience, a better brain, and the world he must now explore and make himself comfortable in, is a mental and spiritual world rather than a physical one. Naked and unashamed he has a chance to start all over again. At any rate, he must make his own medicine and take it.

The shadow of the younger generation is usually no more than a shadow. At high noon, the younger generation, by now mature, comes

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out into the sunlight and one finds that it is just about like every other generation, its rebellions sobered, its ideals compromised, its ruthlessness turned to expediency. But there have been younger generations whose shadows have lengthened, and I think the world is witnessing such a shadow today, and I think the final proof of this is that this younger generation is no longer in rebellion as was its predecessor of twelve years ago. Rebellion keeps a generation in the era preceding because it is that era the rebellion is fighting. It is only when the rebellion is won that there is the possibility of anything really new. The post-war rebels fighting what they called Victorianism, were still Victorians, just as a rebellious son is still the son of his father. But this newest generation is fighting nothing; its distinguishing mark is an almost complete implicitness. It is waiting and watching and experimenting and asking, but it is making extremely few assertions. The wisest of its members are delighting themselves with life, as life; and the stupider ones are somewhat drearily asking what life is all about.

Now, I do not believe in stressing the importance of younger generations. The work of the world, at any given time, is carried on by the generations immediately preceding the younger generation, and if a mature man and woman are not in many ways wiser than a boy or a girl, then they are morons. At any moment, the younger generation could be swept off the earth and the earth would go on pretty much as usual for a while. Besides, it is bad for a younger generation to be constantly in the limelight. It gives that generation a quite undue sense of its importance. We are suffering still from the undue prominence given the post-war generation, which was a very foolish generation and which I hope, by now, has learned better. At all events, one can give thanks that we no longer talk much about it. Flaming youth has sobered down greatly, and most of it, being now over thirty, is either hopeless or else holding responsible positions. But with the on-coming generation it is different, because there is every reason to believe that in the case of this generation its viewpoint is almost universal. It has no past to which to return in reaction, for the older generations preceding it, agree with it; they, too, after much inward struggle have also become implicit, questioning and non-didactic.

There is no use deluding ourselves; if we are frank with ourselves we know that we are sure of practically nothing of which our immediate ancestors were sure. What we hope is true, or at what point or that we may stop our minds from further analysis, are other questions. But actually, at rock bottom, we are no longer sure of anything except that which we can see, hear, smell, taste and touch, and we are not so sure of that.

To the younger generation and to the modern-minded mature, if they will search the innermost recesses of their minds, there is no longer any such thing as definite good or definite evil, as these were understood; no longer any easily discernible patterns; no longer any traditions or standards to be accepted without

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question. Each man and woman must make his or her own way as best he or she can. It has become an utterly protestant world in the final sense of the word, and for the first time we are beginning to realize that circumstances do invariably alter cases. It has become, therefore, more than a protestant world, it has become also a relative world. Well, of course it has, if for no other reason than that otherwise Einstein would not have been able to articulate his theory, let alone enunciate it. Great scientific theories are not made out of whole cloth any more than are great inventions. They come when the world is ready for them; they do not spring full-armed out of one man's brain. The universe is closely, if mysteriously, connected. Even those most remote of studies, astronomy and physics, become human the moment they become philosophical. So the theory of relativity met a world already becoming relative.

But implicitness, if it be complete, is a dangerous attitude, if an heroic one, and impossible to maintain for any length of time. It is dangerous because it leaves too much to individual discretion, and it is impossible to maintain for any length of time because the majority of people do not as yet wish to make too many definite decisions for themselves. This is best seen by again regarding the young, this time the less intelligent young, and therefore the majority. In a recent article by Miss Zona Gale she sums up their attitude as one of lack of concern; nothing much really matters. Having a good time, perhaps; but nothing much else. This does not apply of course to those having a talent or some other saving personal ambition. However, it is a serious matter when any number of people believe that nothing much really matters.

Fortunately — once more — nature abhors a vacuum. There is not the slightest chance that such an attitude will persist. Humanity must dignify its position or else cut its throat. But what can it do? It can not go back any more, it knows too much. Even if it wanted to go back, it no longer could.

I do not see why we want to go back. We have the first chance we have ever had really to dignify ourselves, that is to say, humanity, and the first chance we have ever had really to dignify life. For the first time humanity is out of swaddling clothes and away from nurses on a great adventure of its own. It has removed from itself a score of troubling ancestral complexes. It will now grow up, or never. Heretofore — and you will see that this is true, if you consider it — man has almost universally lived life in order to die; now he has an opportunity to live life for itself. Heretofore, life has been considered merely an interlude before death; now it can be regarded as a symphony in itself. Heretofore, man has regarded himself as a lower creation. How can any lower creation attain real dignity, even have the desire to attain real dignity? If life is not lived for itself, how can it be of any real importance? And a sense of dignity, that is, a wise and humane sense, is the mother of most beauty, of most effort, and of most virtue.

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It seems to me that never before has the world had such a chance to be interested, beautiful and good. Or such a chance to be humane. It is difficult to be humane, as history has proven, if, in your opinion, this life amounts to little. Such a point of view is likely to lead to a belief in blood atonement. You are really performing a charitable act by helping people out of life. But if life is important, then eventually you become ashamed that all are not sharing it fully. Nor does this modern attitude, the attitude of the actualist, it might be called, impinge in the least upon mystery or religion in the final protestant sense of the latter; that is, not unless you decide that it should, and you'll be rather stupid if you do.

The only thing we know is life, — and not much of that, for that is mysterious enough — but there is a great deal we don't know at all, and probably never will. Why, therefore, should we deny it? When we are actually grown up we won't. When we really appreciate life, mystery will become all the more enchanting and be valid to us. Even now it is only those who have some appreciation of life who have some appreciation of mystery. There is no reason why the glory of life should not also be the glory of god, whatever our gods may be. If there is a god, life must be his, and one of his experiments, and the more full it is, the better the experiment. Mystics are born, not made, anyhow.

There seems little reason for the young, or the mature modern-minded to stand still much longer, or to question without moving forward. There lies before them a new and exciting and glamorous job . . . the discovery of life and the discovery of humanity. Up to the present neither has been explored to any great extent; nor up to the present, has any great value been put upon either.

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Suspicion

By Ellis Parker Butler

A Story

He was an Englishman, I think, and I will call him Mr. Palkey, not only because that was not his name, but because I have quite forgotten what his name was. He was a tall man and slender, and he walked with that peculiar gait that suggests a chicken on a hot pavement.

I was discharged from my job in the office of the oatmeal mill because of a mistake I had made, and for some reason I applied for a job as clerk at Debenham's — all these names are substitutes for real names. Probably Mr. Debenham advertised in a local paper for a young man to clerk in the retail store — his was a wholesale and retail queensware establishment and his retail store was the handsomest in Riverbank.

When I told one of my friends that I had accepted the job at Debenham's he laughed at me.

"You won't be there long," he told me. "Mrs. Debenham will get rid of you in a week; she'll let you stay until she can find a Baptist and then out you'll go."

"Why's that?" I asked.

"Unless you join up with the Baptists and teach a Sunday School class," he said. "That's the only way a fellow can hold a job at Debenham's."

I did not find this true at all. One of the young fellows in the retail department — O'Keefe, the boy who kept the lamp-chimney bins filled and did errands and so on — was a Catholic. Another boy was a Methodist. Another was Lutheran. I can not remember that any were Baptists, and I am quite sure that Jennie Steuben, the bookkeeper, was an Episcopalian, as I was by courtesy, although I was attending the Congregational church then, the girl I liked best being a Congregationalist. That was in 1888 and I was eighteen years old.

Mr. Palkey did, however, teach a class in the Baptist Sunday School and I think he may have been Principal of the Sunday School. It may have been that Mrs. Debenham had attempted, in the past, to restrict the employes to Baptists but that she had failed because the church could not provide enough suitable material. Certainly I remained with Mr. Debenham until Mr. Elkhorn offered me the city-editorship of his newspaper, a job I did not take because my father persuaded me to go

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into the office where he was bookkeeper, the office of a tea and tobacco concern that was just then becoming a wholesale grocery.

It is also true that I became truly fond of Mr. and Mrs. Debenham, and they of me. We all shed tears when I made known my intention of leaving.

HENRY F. DEBENHAM I thought, and still think, one of the finest men I have ever known. He was a Bostonian and as a boy had been apprenticed, the understanding being that he was to be paid, let us say, two dollars a week — it may have been four dollars — beginning with his second year of apprenticeship. At the end of the second year his master laughed at him and refused to pay the accumulated wages, and young Debenham ran away and signed on as a sailor. He made several voyages before the mast and fell to the deck from a yard arm, so that he was always thereafter a hunchback. He came west to Iowa and, when I first knew him, had for several terms been mayor of the town. He suffered almost continually.

When I knew him he wore a longish beard. His face was triangular, with burning dark eyes under heavy eyebrows, and he walked with a slight hitching of one leg. I have heard many tales of his greatness of heart, dating from the days when he first came to Riverbank. He was a good man.

Mr. Debenham was usually in the enclosed office, which was at the right, about two-thirds of the way back in the long retail-room. From time to time he came out into the show-room, but not frequently, and then he suggested some dark spider coming out of its nest, for these forays were usually when some particularly important retail customer entered the store.

At the front, to the left, just inside the street door, behind the glass cases containing the solid silver, sat Mrs. Debenham. Behind her, in a cabinet, were the especially valuable articles — specimens of Doulton, Royal Worcester, Wedgwood, and so on, and these and the solid silver were her especial province. She had a chair there and when there were no customers for her to wait on she gave her attention to the Sunday School lesson leaflets. She was, I think, the ruling spirit of the Baptist Sunday School. She had, I remember, a copy of the Bible that had hundreds of passages underlined in red ink, with comments written on the margins, and it may be that one of the reasons I became a favorite with her was that I duplicated all the underlinings and comments in another copy of the Bible for her. She called the Bible the "Moody Bible." It seems that the great evangelist, Moody, had thus underlined and annotated his own copy. I did this work at night. As I remember, she gave me five or ten dollars for doing it.

FROM her chair behind the silver-case Mrs. Debenham could keep an eye on the whole floor, and she was, in fact, the self-constituted manager and monitor of the retail. There were certain corners and portions of aisles that were hidden from her by the counter displays and there was a small alcove that was out of her range of vision. Here the

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clerks, under pretense of dusting — a queensware stock requires constant dusting — would loiter, idling. Now and then Mrs. Debenham would leave her chair and walk back through the store; then dusters would begin to swish suddenly and clerks who had been loafing would become unnaturally busy.

Almost all the clerks loafed all they could and whenever they could, except myself. This was no great merit on my part; that sort of loafing did not amuse me. I have never enjoyed being merely inert. Mr. Palkey, however, did. Although he was titular manager of the store he often lurked out of Mrs. Debenham's sight, alone and softly scraping his fingernails, or merely breathing. I never knew him to urge the boys to work. Quite often Mrs. Debenham almost caught him loafing but he had an almost intuitive knowledge of the moment when she arose from her chair and I do not believe she ever quite caught him. He was always dusting or rearranging a shelf when she reached him.

MRS. DEBENHAM, good woman though she was, had one or two traits that were not fortunate. Her occasional trips to the office or to the back of the store were manifestly to see what boys were loafing, but she made a pretense that they were for some other reason. This gave her incursions an air of spying, and the clerks liked her less than if she had openly avowed that she was trying to get them to do their work. She also had a somewhat irritating manner with customers, which was one reason Mr. Debenham made his occasional excursions from the office when he saw a good spender enter the store. The fact was, I think, that Mr. Debenham did not particularly care to have Mrs. Debenham in the store, but there she was, and there she meant to remain, annexing for herself all the best customers, turning over to the clerks the crock buyers and petty trade, and seeming to the clerks something of an unauthorized and hawk-eyed interloper.

THE curse of Mrs. Debenham's life was Jim Purvis, the manager of the wholesale department. I think she would have got rid of him in an instant if she could have done so, but he was one of the most tireless and efficient men I have ever known, and Mr. Debenham would have been lost without him. Jim Purvis chewed tobacco by the mouthful and his clothes were always spattered. I don't know how long he wore a shirt but it must have been for weeks. He was always on the dead run, a short stocky man; once he walked into the open elevator shaft and fell two stories and was only saved by falling into a crate of straw. He climbed out and ran upstairs again and went on with what he had been doing. Mrs. Debenham had a suspicion that Jim Purvis drank beer, and that was a deadly sin with her. We had Prohibition in Iowa, but the town was a river town and wide open — thirty-three saloons — and a couple of these were on Front Street, across the alley from the Debenham store. At noon Jim Purvis would go across the alley, going out the back door. There were two or three restaurants across the alley, but Mrs. Debenham had a

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suspicion that Jim Purvis put more than food inside himself.

Get rid of Jim Purvis Mrs. Debenham could not, although she must have tried often. He was too valuable to Henry F. Debenham, who was almost too frail to continue to live, and Mr. Debenham no doubt told his wife that in ruling the retail she was doing enough — the wholesale must not be interfered with.

ANOTHER employe with whom Mrs. Debenham was not allowed to interfere was the bookkeeper, Jennie Steuben, although the two women clearly disliked each other. Miss Steuben, who was middle-aged, had been in the office many years, and she was, like Jim Purvis, almost indispensable. She knew every detail of the business and, with Jim Purvis, could have carried on the wholesale otherwise unassisted, but she resented Mrs. Debenham's interference. Mrs. Debenham would have liked to see Miss Steuben elsewhere and she certainly did many little things to irritate Jennie Steuben, who tried to be meek under the irritations but did not succeed any too well, having quite a little temper.

Jennie Steuben's desk was at the forward end of the office, which was glassed in. Close by her desk was a wicket-window, with a change-counter, and on the counter was the recording cash register. When sales were made Jennie arose and rang them up on the register, making change if required, and all these sales were recorded automatically on the paper rolls inside the register. At closing time she tore off the strip showing the day's sales. I often helped her with this, counting the money and winding up the spring that worked the registering apparatus. We were friendly. I was friendly with everyone.

One of the things sold by Debenham's retail department was coal oil. We sold lamps and lamp chimneys and wicks and burners, and it was not unnatural that we should sell coal oil. We sold a grade called Eocene, which was better than that sold by any of the grocers of Riverbank, and we made quite a specialty of it. The price varied from time to time but, as I recollect, we kept the selling price at 20 cents, which showed a fine profit per gallon. Being the largest seller of lamps and chimneys we had ample opportunity to talk up the merits of Eocene. Many were still afraid of kerosene lamps, remembering tales of explosions, and Eocene was a "high test" oil — exploded only at a high temperature. We had a test that was always convincing. We filled a saucer with Eocene, dipped a wick in it and laid the wick in the oil so that an inch hung beyond the edge of the saucer. Then we lighted the wick and, when it was fully ablaze, pushed it into the saucer of oil. The flaming wick was instantly extinguished, as if the oil had been water.

THE oil tank in which this oil was kept was in a small narrow room at the extreme rear of the store. Here, on shelves, were stored the coarse earthenware crocks and jars we handled, as well as the coarser yellow crockery bowls and such woodenware as we carried in stock. Drawing the oil was a simple matter; any clerk who happened to wait on a customer did it.

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Except Saturday nights and the weeks before Christmas the store closed at six o'clock. We opened at eight. All the clerks swept out and immediately began dusting in a more or less reluctant spirit. Before nine Jennie Steuben arrived and opened the mail; about nine Mr. Debenham came, although he was sometimes later when he had had a bad night. Mrs. Debenham arrived any time between then and noon. Mr. Palkey, who had a key, was always the first in the morning. He usually had the front doors thrown open when we arrived.

In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Debenham were the first to go. Their time of departure depended considerably on how Mr. Debenham was feeling, combined with whether there were salesmen in town showing samples, but except during the Christmas rush Mr. Debenham was usually out of the store by five in the afternoon, and Mrs. Debenham left when he did. At half past five Jennie Steuben left, and we all went a few minutes later — being eager to be gone — and Mr. Palkey remained to lock up.

How suspicion regarding Mr. Palkey first appeared I can not be sure. I am only sure that I had nothing to do with it in the beginning. With Mr. Palkey I had as little to do as any of the other three or four boys in the store, and he had very little to do with us. He was a silent man, very seldom speaking to us, and as manager of the store he seemed to wish only to be as inconspicuous as possible. He did not "manage" anything. Our opinion was that he was Mrs. Debenham's pet and that she kept him in the position of manager because he was meek and because she could use him in her Sunday School. All else we knew of him was that he lived up on East Hill somewhere and that his wife was said to be an invalid.

To us, who were paid ten to fifteen dollars a week, his pay — which I think was twenty-five dollars — seemed big, but I can see now that he must have had a hard time making both ends meet, if his wife was indeed an invalid. That may have been why he walked like a man walking on eggs and afraid to tread heavily lest he break them. His health was not perfect, or he pretended it was not. He had a cough, quite a gentle cough. The boys in the store considered him absolutely useless.

Mrs. Debenham had a son, fully grown and married, but never very industrious. He was supposed to work in the store, and was there more or less, but he was the worst loafer we had. He was quite a smarty and had the mentality of a boy of fourteen or fifteen. He read dime novels and spent his time doing such things as making duplicate keys out of German silver spoons and whittling little rubber balls with which to do the shell game. He had a huge revolver he liked to display and one noon when his mother and father had gone home he fired it at the floor. In the cellar there was a crash and a yell; the bullet had hit a china basin one of the men was unpacking from a crate, shattering it in his hands.

This son Jack never ceased to pester Mr. Palkey. He had forty different names he called him — Balkey, Chalkey, Gawky and so on.

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— and in every way he could he made Mr. Palkey the butt of his jokes. We boys wondered why Mr. Palkey stood it, for he took it all meekly, and we decided that the reason was that Mr. Palkey was afraid to quit — it was impossible to imagine any sort of job he could get if he lost his job at Debenham's.

Someone outside of the store first called Mrs. Debenham's attention to the suspicious actions of Mr. Palkey, and without — perhaps — knowing they were suspicious. It was some woman, some friend of Mrs. Debenham, who called her attention to the fact that Mr. Palkey carried an empty kerosene can downtown every morning and carried it home filled every night. The woman saw Mr. Palkey passing her house morning and evening. She may have said that Mr. Palkey was certainly an accommodating man to do this, making himself a delivery boy for one of his neighbors, or she may have suspected something herself. Mrs. Debenham was instantly suspicious. The time was well into the fall and kerosene oil stoves were much used; we also sold round-wick lamps that burned a great amount of oil. Most of our customers bought oil by the five-gallon can, which we delivered, but many bought by the gallon. We sold a recently introduced gallon can that was of glass, encased in tin, and this was the sort of can Mr. Palkey was bringing to the store empty and taking home filled.

IT DID not seem likely that Mr. Palkey, always dressed neatly and rather old-maidish in his manner, would carry oil cans to accommodate any one, and it was easy to guess that if he had a couple of oil stoves and a couple of round-wick lamps he would use a gallon of oil a day. Mrs. Debenham was greatly agitated. It would be, of course, a shameful thing if it became known that Mr. Palkey, so eminent in the Sunday School, was stealing oil, but it seemed self-evident that he must be doing just that. Otherwise he would have used a five-gallon can and he would have had the oil delivered to his home.

MRS. DEBENHAM went first to Jennie Steuben. She did this when Mr. Palkey had gone home to his noon meal. She tried to speak pleasantly to Jennie Steuben and that was enough to anger Jennie, for Jennie always suspected Mrs. Debenham when she was pleasant. The pleasanter Mrs. Debenham tried to be the more brusque Jennie became.

"Jennie," Mrs. Debenham said, "Mr. Palkey is carrying away a gallon of oil every evening."

"Is he?" Jennie said, meaning that she did not care anything about it and that it was none of her business.

"If he is paying for it your register slip would show it," said Mrs. Debenham.

"I don't know anything about it," Jennie said. "I go home at half past five and he does not go home till six."

"Who would know anything about it?"

"He would," said Jennie. "He rings up any sales after I go home."

Mrs. Debenham went back to her seat behind the silver-case. She enjoyed being snubbed by Jennie Steuben no more than anyone would, and presently Mr. Debenham came out of the office and they went home

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for the midday meal. When they returned she called me to her. She told me what had been told her about Mr. Palkey and his oil can, and that Jennie Steuben had been rude to her. She asked me how she could learn whether Mr. Palkey had paid for the oil he was taking away.

"If he pays for it in the evening when he takes it away," I said, "it would show near the top of the next day's register strip. Miss Steuben tears off the strip when she closes the day's work. Any sales we make after she goes show on the next day."

"Who rings them up?" Mrs. Debenham asked me.

"Mr. Palkey," I said. "If we make a sale after Miss Steuben goes we take the money to him and he rings it up."

THE register strips were kept on a hook file on the upright of the office partition alongside the cash register, and Mrs. Debenham asked me to look at the strips after Miss Steuben went home that evening. I did, but there was not much gained by it. There were, now and then, amounts that might have been a gallon of Eocene, but they might have been something else. There were amounts that might have been two or three gallons, but these might have been something else. The one thing apparent was that if Mr. Palkey were taking one gallon of oil each day, he was not paying for it every day, or at least not after Miss Steuben left. He might, however, be paying at odd times during the day, or he might be paying for several gallons at a time and doing this at odd times during the day. He might, sure of his own honesty, keep a memorandum of the oil he took and pay for it all on his pay day.

But Mrs. Debenham had not depended on my findings alone. She had told her suspicions to her son Jack and he had evidently volunteered to aid her investigation. To be a sleuth, an Old Cap Collier, was exactly what Jack Debenham would enjoy. His usual location in the store was between two longitudinal show-cases a little forward of the middle of the store. He had chosen this spot because it was shut off from his mother's view by a tall frame on which fancy plates were displayed. Between the show-cases he had a table, and on this were cloths, a small pan of water, silver polish and soft brushes, with several chamois skins and such silver-plated hollow-ware — teapots, sugar bowls, and so on — as he was supposed to be polishing. In this retreat he could read his dime novels in comfort, one hand holding a chamois skin, ready to slip the novel into his pocket and appear busily at work the moment he heard his mother move or heard his father's limping step. To Jack his mother had given the pleasant task of seeing whether Mr. Palkey took home a can of oil that evening and whether he paid for it.

TO HAVE a reason for remaining after Mr. Palkey left for home Jack Debenham, late in the afternoon, piled on his table a tea set that would take considerable polishing. For once in his life he polished industriously. Mr. and Mrs. Debenham went home, Jennie Steuben went home, we boys brought in the crocks and jars and umbrella holders from outside and went home, and Mr.

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Palkey asked Jack if he would be ready to go soon. Jack said he would finish what he was doing first, and told Mr. Palkey to run along.

"I'll lock up," he said.

Mr. Palkey knew, as we boys all knew, that Jack Debenham had made a key for the door, using a German silver spoon as a blank. Mr. Palkey also knew that it was useless to try to get Jack Debenham to go if he did not want to go. Mr. Palkey walked back through the store to the oil room, came back through the store with the filled oil can, and went out. He did not stop in the office to pay for the oil.

The next morning when Mrs. Debenham came down I told her of the inconclusive examination of the register strips. By that time Jack Debenham had told all the boys that he was old-sleuthing Mr. Palkey and everyone in the store except Mr. Palkey knew that Mr. Palkey was suspected of stealing the oil. As soon as he could do so, Jack Debenham called me to him and in a secretive whisper told me he had shadowed Mr. Palkey from his house to the store that morning, and that Mr. Palkey had brought the kerosene can to the store again.

"Go out to the oil room after a while," he whispered, "and see if the can is there. Don't let on now. Go and dust something."

IT WAS one of the days when Mr. Palkey seemed loath to do any more work than necessary. He kept in the alcove, a small feather-duster in his hand, and he may have taken a little nap there. Everyone else in the store was pleasantly nervous except the leading characters — Mr. Debenham was cross, Jennie Steuben was glummer than usual, Mrs. Debenham fidgeted and drummed on her silver-case with her fingers, and Jack Debenham did his best to look sly and wise. I made my way back to the oil room.

The oil can was standing in the oil room close to the door that opened into the yard, but it was placed so that it was practically hidden by two five-gallon cans. I reached down and lifted the can and found it was empty, and in good time I reported to Jack Debenham.

ALL that morning Jack Debenham polished silver industriously and at noon he did not go out for lunch but sent Frank O'Keefe out for a couple of sandwiches. I went home for my noon dinner as usual and was back in an hour, and Jack Debenham whispered to me that old Balkey had not yet been to the oil room to fill his can.

"Go out and see if it is still there," he whispered to me, and as carefully as before I worked my way back and went into the oil room. I saw that the can was still there, but looking down into it I saw that it was now filled. When I went back I told Jack Debenham that the can was full, but he did not let me stay near him. That evening he did not remain until Mr. Palkey went but he again shadowed him, this time to his home. Mr. Palkey had carried the oil can into his house and he had not brought it out again.

The next morning the register strip showed that no sale had been made after Jack Debenham had gone out of the store, and that none had been made before Jennie Steu-

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ben reached the office that morning. Mr. Palkey had again brought his oil can to the store. That evening he once more carried it away filled.

That night Mr. Debenham sent for Mr. Palkey to come to the Debenham house, and Mr. Palkey never returned to the store. When Mr. Debenham came down he told me that I would be in charge of the retail store until they got someone to take Mr. Palkey's place, but no one was hired as manager up to the time I left. Nothing was said by Mr. Debenham regarding why Mr. Palkey had gone, and Mrs. Debenham never mentioned his name again to me. Mr. Debenham's face was unusually pale and he seemed disturbed — distressed. He was a kind-hearted man and I think anything of this sort hurt him deeply.

Jack Debenham, of course, told us what had happened. Mr. Palkey went to the house and was asked to explain the daily oil can. He broke down and confessed, but what he confessed was not exactly what had been expected. He confessed that every day he had carried the oil can downtown and set it in the oil room, and that a bartender from one of the saloons across the alley got it there, filled it with beer and put it back in the oil room, beer being supposed to give strength to Mr. Palkey's sick wife. The glass of the can was brown — we sold three varieties, brown, blue and green. Unfortunately for Mr. Palkey the use and transportation of beer was considered by Mrs. Debenham rather worse than theft, and Mr. Palkey had to go.

I have neither seen him nor heard of him since that day. He was a harmless gentleman. I felt rather sorry for him.

I Pray

By Theda Kenyon

That I may have eyes, bright to see
The glory of a deathless year
In every Springtime-budding tree;
And find, in fragile leaves, unfurled
After the winter's frozen fear,
The promise of a changeless world:

So shall each frond and blossom be
A hostage to Eternity!

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The Pension Racket

By Orland Kay Armstrong

A World War veteran speaks—in factual terms

There is no better illustration of the rapid drift of our National Government into the whirlpools of lawmaking at the demands of and for the benefit of organized minorities than legislation for the veterans of the World War.

Since the Armistice that legislation has moved forward, gaining momentum with each session of Congress, and shifting its emphasis from the original efforts to pay, in some measure, the debt our nation owed the wounded and disabled, to a free-for-all fight to see who should head the procession in passing laws for "veterans' relief" of any kind and character, whatever the cost and however absurd the provisions by which the veterans are to be relieved.

"No pensions to follow this war!" was the announcement of the Government while the War was in progress. A liberal war risk insurance was to take the place of the old-fashioned pensions that had followed in an endless and irksome train behind all past wars of the United States.

A war without pensioned soldiers? The history of America has been written in her pensions. Land grants for the soldiers of the Revolutionary War. Grants and money for the veterans of 1812 and the Indian Wars. Pensions for Civil War veterans, beginning at a $6-a-month minimum back in 1895 and growing to $100 for the survivors of the Union army today, with widows' pensions to be paid on and on a generation from today. Pensions for Spanish-American War veterans — but not in such amounts comparable to Civil War pensions. The war did not last so long and there were fewer troops, consequently less organized pressure.

And now the World War, with its businesslike system of insurance. No more pension bills by Congressmen for worthy and neglected constituents. No more heavy burden of taxation to go rolling on from the backs of one generation to another. Once the insurance obligations were taken off, and disabled veterans provided for, the task would be done.

Congressmen old at the business in those years just following 1918 must have smiled at all this. Nearly three and a half million veterans! No pensions? Some of them in service only a few weeks or months; only about half of them overseas; comparatively few in trench warfare

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longer than a few weeks; about eighty untouched by wounds of war to one wounded; but all veterans, none the less. An average of 8,000 to the Congressional district. All voters with families and friends. *What? No pensions?*

Through progressive steps the foundation for a pension system was laid from 1918 to the sessions of the Seventy-first Congress. And this Congress, which came to an end last March fourth, started the system off on its long journey down the years.

As a World War veteran, and one intensely interested in legislation for the benefit of veterans sick or disabled as the result of military or naval service, I have watched the efforts of Congress to swing veterans' relief into a channel where its flow can be an ever-increasing political asset, with amazement. I have been chagrined to see the appropriation of money for veterans reach the plane of a tremendous racket.

OF COURSE the country owed the men in the service something. There was the little farewell bonus of $60, and many States added to it with a sort of thank-offering bonus of their own. But we who were not disabled in the fighting felt that the less fortunate buddies deserved all this country could do for them. You can't buy sight — or legs — or lungs — or mind, with money; but money turned into hospitalization, medical care, rehabilitation and compensation of all kinds could help somewhat in atoning for the results of this ancient system of trying to settle disputes by barbaric force of arms and ammunition. Let the disabled be cared for, and their dependents. Now, and so long as they lived. I know of no veteran today who would not shout his head off for such a programme.

So in 1919, compensation was made for the disabled. Crude, but simple: Totally and permanently disabled, $100 a month; totally but temporarily disabled, $80 a month, plus some additional for dependents; percentage of disability to be determined by the examining physicians. A vocational rehabilitation act was passed in July, 1919, to provide schooling in crafts and vocations for disabled veterans at governmental expense.

BUT here are veterans, some two years after the war, with diseases developing that may have had their beginnings during the time of service. In all justice they must be compensated. A "six months' presumption" law was passed in 1922. If the symptoms of the disease were apparent within six months after discharge of the veteran, his disability arose — legally at least — while he was in the service. In 1923 the presumption was raised to a year. In 1924 officials of the American Legion said, in effect:

"We agree that in many cases diseases resulting from service with the forces would be apparent within a year, but certain diseases, such as tuberculosis and nervous disorders, might take years to develop."

Accordingly, veterans suffering from tuberculosis and nervous diseases, with symptoms developing prior to January 1, 1925, were presumed to be disabled from service. That such a provision aided many who were suffering the effects of

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war is indisputable. That many were aided — and still are — whose disability has positively no service connection is likewise true. And what able-bodied veteran would draw the line too finely against a suffering buddy?

Anyhow, weren't the able-bodied likewise cared for by a grateful nation? The liberal war risk insurance was continued for all men of the service, and expanded considerably. And in 1924, in one grand movement to compensate those without disabilities from service, the World War Adjusted Compensation Act was passed, granting certificates based on length of service during the war, averaging about $1,000 for each veteran, to be cashed in 1945.

What more to be done? There was always the unfinished task of caring for the disabled, of course. The American Legion, through its general officers and especially through its rehabilitation committee headed by vigorous and aggressive leaders in Washington, carried on the battle for the wounded and sick.

But the idea of extending the "presumptive time" for diseases to make them start — by legal fiat — during the time of the veteran's military service, had taken root. That the plan had tremendous political possibilities was too evident to be overlooked. The rumblings of the inevitable approach of the granting of pensions could be heard. In 1930, with a hard campaign in the fall and much uncertainty facing both parties, the moment for doing something big for veterans had arrived. There crystallized numerous bills for veterans' relief. Royal C. Johnson, Chairman of the World War Veterans' Legislation Committee of the House, was working out a bill to extend the benefits of compensation "to every disability incurred between the date of the veteran's entry into the military service and January 1, 1925, if within that time a ten per cent degree of disability was manifested, and unless there is in the record clear and convincing evidence that the condition is due directly to some intervening cause not in any way associated with military life."

The American Legion and other veterans' organizations were sponsoring the measure, and marshalling forces for united pressure to put it across when Mr. Rankin, a member of the House committee, took their breath away with an amendment to compensate veterans for all constitutional and chronic diseases showing symptoms up to January 1, 1930. In plain words, sick pensions up to 12 years after the War had arrived. Not even venereal diseases were excepted. A member of the committee told me Mr. Rankin's argument to include certain diseases arising from the wilful misconduct of veterans was as follows:

"Here we took all these boys and put them in army camps where they would be subject to all sorts of temptations. If a veteran gets syphilis, maybe that's the reason for it, and he ought to be compensated!"

Mr. Rankin's minority report, signed by himself, Lamar Jeffers, William P. Connery, Jr., Mary T. Norton, Edgar Howard and Wright Patman, said: "The majority report

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shows that the Rankin bill would provide a pension instead of compensation. If so, the Johnson bill would, too. After all, what does a disabled veteran care whether you call it a pension, compensation, or retirement pay, so long as it pays the bills?"

Louis Ludlow, another member of the committee, blandly appended a separate report in which he said: "I am for the Rankin bill frankly because the extension of the service-connection presumption until January 1, 1930, would bring 86,000 veterans into compensable status who are now beyond the pale of the law. It would do this clumsily and illogically, perhaps, but I believe it would do it effectively."

THE Rankin bill passed the House, and the Senate. "Just bad legislation," said President Hoover, and sent it back. This cleared the decks for a compromise, which reduced the presumptive time to January 1, 1925. Many Congressmen were forced to put on two and three extra stenographers to take care of veterans' correspondence relative to sick pensions after the law was passed. Veterans' bureaus have been swamped. Law firms have sprung up specializing in getting compensation for veterans, and guaranteeing delivery of the money or no pay.

The next step was to attend to all those certificates inviting pleasant legislation.

"You are visiting Washington at an interesting time in the history of politics," confided one of my Congressmen friends about two weeks before the last Congress expired. The bonus bill had been sent to the Senate after passing the House. "They'll pass it, all right," my friend continued. "Senators are worse than we House Members are when it comes to such as that. They've got a whole State on their hands, and we have only a Congressional district. They'll pass it, and Hoover'll veto it. Back it'll come, and we'll pass it over his veto. The country may thank its lucky stars that the movement to pay the whole amount of the certificates in cash, was headed off and this fifty per cent proposition compromised on. We know where this pension business is headed. For that matter, not more than twenty per cent of the Members of Congress voting for this bonus are in favor of it — privately."

I challenged that statement.

"All right. I'll prove it," said my Congressman. "Select any ten Members of the House who voted for this bill. Get their honest-to-goodness opinion on it. You'll find I'm right!"

IT SOUNDED worth trying, as a study of the great American tendency to make laws for those who bring the most pressure. We agreed that my friend was to select five Congressmen who were strangers to me, and I was to select five whom I knew. The questions to be asked were: "Do you think the payment of bonus (adjusted compensation) certificates, on the basis of the proposed loan value, is a good thing generally for the country? for business? for the dependents of the veterans? for the veterans themselves? As a whole, do you privately favor it?"

"I'll select Edith Nourse Rogers as the first of my five," I said. Mrs.

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Rogers is perhaps the best informed Member in Congress on veterans' needs, with the possible exception of Mr. Johnson, and has led the fight in behalf of hospitalization, rehabilitation and laws for the care of wounded and disabled since she entered Congress.

"No indeed!" he responded. "We know how she stands. Mrs. Rogers is one of the 'level-heads.' She voted for the bill, but fought in committee to subordinate the interests of able-bodied veterans to those of the disabled."

One of the "level-heads." I found that in Congress there are three well-defined classes of Members: The "level-heads," who go beyond what is good political strategy to uphold policies they believe are good for the country as a whole. The "best-policy" Members, who follow the course of least resistance as indicated by organized groups who can do the most good — or cause the most harm — at elections. And the "give-'em-the-moon-ers" who go even beyond what the high-pressure groups demand, for the purpose of extra publicity, extra political favors or to build up a reputation for aggressive fighting for noble causes.

"Hard-headed lot, the 'level-heads.' They block a lot of legislation," quoth my friend. "The 'give-'em-the-moon-ers' cause even more trouble. Wright Patman, of Texas, for example, who wanted the whole maturity value of the certificates paid now in cash. Frankly, I am a 'best-policy' Member, and I have plenty of company — plenty!"

So the ten Congressmen were selected and quizzed. Eight privately opposed the bonus legislation they had voted for. One unqualifiedly favored it. One was too divided on the question in his own mind to say.

The one who had unqualifiedly favored the law remarked: "Sure, it was good legislation. Money in circulation. Business men helped. Veterans helped. Everybody helped."

"Who will pay for the money?" I asked.

"Why," he said, naïvely, "can't the Government borrow any amount of money it cares to?"

Of the eight opposing Members, seven agreed it would not be a good thing for the country generally, six that it would have a depressing effect on business, all of them that it would be bad for the dependents of veterans later on, and five that it would be bad for the veterans themselves.

"Good for business?" commented one. "Borrowing money from business for one group so that that group can spend it with business, and asking business ultimately to pay the loan! That's a laugh."

Serious were the comments on the need that will be felt by dependents of veterans when 1945 arrives (when the certificates were to have been paid). All agreed that the money would be more badly needed, generally speaking, then than now, despite the present depression.

"Just a matter of statistics," one Member, who is still interested in insurance, told me. "Records show just what per cent we may expect to be in moderate circumstances if not in actual poverty at that time, veterans or no veterans. Ninety per

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cent will need money for dependents."

"True enough, true enough," agreed another Member, a gleam in his eyes, "but Congress will have done its duty to them by then. Pensions will care for them, and their dependents, long before 1945."

When consideration of the bonus payment swung under way, Members of Congress sidetracked, temporarily, a programme of increased attention to the needs of the actually wounded and disabled veterans. That this programme will now be permanently slowed down is acknowledged.

"The thing that got action," a member of the World War Veterans' Legislation Committee told me, "was that meeting of the American Legion National Executive Committee in Indianapolis, January 25th, at which they endorsed the principle of immediate cash payment, upon application, of certificates. We had not expected that action. Payment of the certificates had not been made a part of the Legion programme as yet. But Congress jumped when the whip cracked. However, if the executive committee had not endorsed the move, fifty telegrams to each Congressman from Legion members would have done the trick."

MOST Congressmen received hundreds of telegrams on the matter; running neck and neck with the number received from Legionnaires were those from automobile and radio manufacturers and dealers.

About five billion dollars have been spent by the Veterans' Bureau since the World War for insurance, hospital care and compensation. In 1930 the annual expenditures passed the half billion mark. Administrator Frank T. Hines estimates that $571,000,000 will be needed for 1931 and $600,000,000 for 1932, the figure to increase annually to the billion-a-year mark. This does not take into consideration the extra billion that may be needed in 1931 to pay the bonus loans.

BUT Congressmen will tell you General Hines' estimates are modest. He has not figured on the wide range of possibilities in the pension idea. The next moves are already openly discussed. Cancellation of the interest on the certificate loans is to be proposed next. Then will follow cancellation of the loan itself and restoration of the certificate to its original value. Moving the time of presumption for diseases progressively back from 1925 is "already on the books," as is the straightforward pension of so much a month, say those in the know, to begin in six or eight years at a start of say $25, and to increase by Congressional action every few years. Then there are widows, children, parents — the situation indeed presents infinite possibilities.

There are those of us who served and returned able-bodied who blush at this. There are those of us who remember the actual benefits of having served — of the physical care, the discipline, the lesson of what duty means, the broader horizon — however much we may have realized the ultimate silliness of warfare. We had at least a concept of patriotism, which we hoped to devote to the cause of those who left the war actually disabled, instead of finding it exploited by political racketeers.

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Veterans in need? Certainly. So is my neighbor, the farmer, who farmed while I wore the uniform, in need. Is my need more worthy of governmental action than his? Or consider the case of another neighbor, the bride of a young man turned down by the examiners for some defect. She bore him twins before the Central Powers sued for an armistice. She was left with physical disabilities that take no legal fiat to make presumptive of having arisen during war times. The boys, by the way, are growing up husky fellows, and will doubtless be called on by the Government to bear arms to save the world from something-or-other. Is her patriotism less worthy of cash consideration than mine? The truth is that farmers, or mothers-who-bore-babies-during-the-war, or any other group, receive appropriations on the basis of their voting numbers and the organized pressure they exert upon legislation. And minorities are organizing with a rapidity that promises to bring into being another minority — those who support the rest of the population from the public treasury.

Members of the American Legion will in a few years be in actual majority in Congress and in most other governmental units. In their hands lies the double problem, first, of calling sharply a halt to the growing concern of many of the Organization's able-bodied thousands to be supported at the Government's expense, and to return to the original task of aiding the disabled and serving America's communities in peacetime endeavors; and secondly, of checking the Government they will soon control in its mad rush to become the stronghold of minority-catering time servers.

In this the American Legion stands squarely at the crossroads.

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Homes for the Asking

By William R. Draper

But Who Wants Them?

Cannon boomed and flags swept the ground along a dusty line for many miles. Thousands of weary pilgrims, who had waited months for this signal, began their race for a parcel of free Government land. The United States was then disbursing under the Free Homestead Act 160-acre farms in Northern Oklahoma. It had just bought the Cherokee Outlet, a great Indian Reservation, from the Indians and was giving it away to homeseekers. The Indians, meanwhile, were having plenty of fun spending the money.

Again, in another Oklahoma land opening, the wheel of chance turned slowly in another approved Government land lottery and fed out the names of fifteen thousand lucky individuals, who thereby gained title to a quarter section each, without cost or further effort. But there were five times as many names within the wheel as ever came out. The supply of farms became exhausted before the list of applicants.

Three or four decades ago, when these events were occurring, there was an unquenchable land hunger. Once dangerous jealousy and rivalry reigned at these Government land rushes. Men fought wildly, feuds were kindled that lasted for years. Very much alive and extremely colorful, the hotbed of angry passion, were these land openings. But here the pioneer secured the foundation of his fortune and the whole Western country journeyed up the primrose path to prosperity through generosity of the Free Homestead Act.

But now the hectic land boom period has gone its way. Land rushes that once drew thousands of adventurers are no more. Since 1868 there have been more than two hundred million acres of free homestead lands given away. There yet remain slightly less than two hundred million acres. Conditions have changed to such an extent that this vast acreage is now a burden to the central Government at Washington. Plans are under way to shift management and control.

Once an announcement that Uncle Sam was about to conduct another free land opening drew great crowds of homeseekers. Today such an event would cause little interest, for now the gift of a farm is lightly considered. Land was once a princely possession and its ownership a true Anglo-Saxon inheritance. Today the

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homestead, as well as the privately owned farm, is almost thrown into discard. Land of course will always be the foundation of wealth, for not only does it produce food supplies, but gold and silver to buy these commodities, likewise oil and gas to drive industry, coal to heat and material to build our homes. Land has fallen from its once high estate, and in consequence the Government, with its immense domain of public lands, is wrestling with the problem of giving it away.

OVERPRODUCTION, the machine age, lure of the city, regular pay checks from factories, uncertainty of prices for staples, all contribute to the undesirability of farming. Abandoned farms and failure of the Government to attract settlers, a swing of population to urban centres, have brought about conditions that now engage the attention of a commission appointed by President Hoover for the Conservation and Administration of the Public Domain. It is a branch of the Department of Interior, headed by James R. Garfield, and has twenty members. Their report, due the Seventy-second Congress, will no doubt outline plans for complete disposal of homestead lands.

High Government executives, including President Hoover and Secretary Wilbur, favor turning the public lands over to State control. But many Western State officials do not look with favor upon this presentation. In other words they are looking the gift horse in the mouth. There is a glut of land, especially such as is available for homesteading. Just why are there so many undesirable farms? How have we become a nation of landowners? At least how did it happen so quickly? Centuries have passed and the landowner in Europe ranks high — here he is no better off than the non-owner of real estate. Our landed gentry is doing much growling these days; we seem to have our fill of dirt.

It is all because land has always been a free gift of the nation. For the last one hundred and forty-seven years the public domain has been passed out for little or nothing at all. First, under an act of Congress of 1784 a land surveyor-general began selling the public domain at ten cents an acre. He soon parted title to twenty million acres to land syndicates. In 1820 a uniform price of $1.25 an acre was fixed. But in May, 1862, after years of strife on the subject and continued agitation by the Free Soil Party, Congress passed the Free Homestead Act and President Abraham Lincoln signed the bill, making our public domain a free gift to any citizen of the United States.

DURING all these years Uncle Sam has been generous with his vast empire. Land has been bestowed with reckless abandon. Outside of the two hundred and thirty-five million acres taken under the homestead laws by individuals, the Government has given to railroads ninety-three million acres, and to States for educational purposes one hundred and eighty million acres. It has also given away ten million acres for tree planting, thirty-two million acres on private land claims and sixty-four million acres on military bounty land warrants. Even so there are about two hundred million acres left. But

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the very liberality of Government land regulations, the many loopholes through which, by fraud and trickery, valuable holdings have been chiseled away, have turned the West into a country where everyone owns a farm. Now the millions of homesteaders have had their choice of a selection, the era of Government land rushes has passed into history, and the ambition of man is to own motor cars and stock certificates, instead of real estate.

PRESIDENT HOOVER, in a letter to a conference of Western Governors, assembled recently to consider public lands matters, said: "My first suggestion is that surface rights to these lands should be transferred to State Governments for school land purposes. Due to lack of constructive legislation, value of these lands has steadily decreased. These lands bring no revenue to the Federal Government. It is for the best interests of the small farmer and stock raiser, by whom they are primarily used, that these lands should be managed and policies determined for their use by State Governments. These lands could, to the advantage of the animal industry, be made to yield proper return."

President Hoover does not propose to transfer the forests, parks, Indian Reservations, nor to turn any part of the royalty received from oil and mineral over to use by the State Governments. Retention of subsurface rights by the Federal Government is being strongly opposed by all of the public land States — in fact this is the stumbling block which may prevent the President's suggestions being carried out. Many States are bitterly fighting the Hoover Public Land plan as now outlined. Newspapers and statesmen are outspoken against State control of public lands, without mineral rights. As some have said, it is the egg shell without the meat.

The committee of twenty members, most of them prominent citizens in Western States, have been motoring, at intervals, through the Western public land States, holding meetings and absorbing public sentiment, trying to solve the problem as to how best this shift of control of two hundred million acres of land is to be brought about to the satisfaction of everyone concerned. It is now generally agreed, after fifteen months, that it can not be done.

IT WAS stated by President Hoover that "the mineral rights are a problem of the nation, as well as local in character," and that a large percentage of the funds derived by the Federal Government from oil and mineral royalties are turned right back to the States. But most of the large Western newspapers are opposed to passing of surface, without subsurface title, from Government to State. Many of the Western land States, I am sure, will refuse to accept this gift of millions of acres — in the case of many it runs well over twenty-five million acres — mainly for economic reasons.

It is claimed that the residue of public lands is valueless. However, the Department of Interior places a value of three hundred million dollars on the surface rights alone. But it does remain a fact that there are millions of acres of sandy waste, rocky mountainsides, treeless and

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grassless deserts, which never have and perhaps never will benefit mankind. They should remain the property of the Federal Government, because in no other way can they fail to burden a State or community. Of course nontaxable land anywhere does not benefit public developments.

GEORGE H. DERN, Governor of Utah, is opposed to his State accepting the gift of twenty-five million acres, because he claims it will cut down federal road aid now amounting to $850,000 annually. He does not believe the public lands turned over by the Federal Government could offset this important contribution to Utah's highway programme. W. R. Eaton, a Colorado legislator, is voicing his protest against his State being burdened with eight million acres of public domain while mineral rights on the aforesaid land, worth $75,000,000, according to Colorado mining operators, are withheld for benefit of the Federal Government. Mr. Eaton says it will cost Colorado $150,000 a year to administer these lands, most of which will be at considerable loss.

I can not agree with the Colorado legislator in this respect, for I personally inspected a great many homesteads on the eastern slope and in the northern part of the State, which, if known to the public, would shortly be taken over under the homestead laws, "commuted" or paid out at the rate of $1.25 an acre. Some of the land, in my judgment, is worth $5.00 an acre. Colorado is losing an opportunity to gain hundreds of new citizens by its failure to advertise these undeveloped resources.

Replying to public criticisms directed against the Hoover plan to divert the public domain to State control, Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, in an address at Salt Lake said:

"No public land State has the equipment necessary to handle the vast mineral resources underlying the public domain. Also the individual State would reap no actual benefit by surrender of this mineral right (which they have never owned) to the Federal Government, as these States are now receiving, through the Reclamation Act, every dollar of revenue that comes from mineral royalty, except ten per cent retained by the Government for supervisory control."

SEVEN million dollars came into the reclamation fund last year from mineral royalties. Since 1921 seventy million dollars have been received by the Federal Government from that source. This is a lot of money, and is the chief reason for which Western States are now fighting for complete control. State officials are anxious to spend the money now doled out by the Department of Interior — which is no doubt their main objection at this time to accepting the public lands without the full mineral rights accompanying.

Demand for homesteads is decreasing. Last year there were six thousand applicants, twenty years ago ten to fifteen thousand applicants annually. Since 1862 there have been one million four hundred thousand homesteads given away by the Federal Government. Some of these have "commuted" or paid out their land at the expiration of fourteen months;

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others have "lived out" the land and gotten it free at the end of three years. Due to current reports that the homestead laws are about to be abolished, applications show a 25 per cent increase now as against the last fiscal year.

There are twenty States in which these free homesteads may be acquired. There are forty district land offices where persons wanting to make filings can be accommodated. Complete information as to rules, regulations and procedure may be had from the Department of Interior at Washington. They issue free of cost a 52-page booklet with all legal requirements reduced to simple form.

THE usual homestead entry is limited to 160 acres. Under the Enlarged Homestead Act one may file on 320 acres; under the Stock Raising Homestead Act acreage is raised to 640; and under the Kincaid Act 640 acres may be acquired. Of course where larger parcels of land are allowed to be taken the land is less valuable. Some of it is worthless — a great deal of it that is now left.

A settler must reside on his claim three years before he can "prove up" or secure his deed. During that time he must cultivate at least one-eighth of the land, build a habitable house and not be absent more than five months each year — unless illness or severe climatic conditions contribute to his leave. Then he must show good proof of his claims. On payment of necessary land office fees, legal notices in newspapers and establishment of the fact that he is an American citizen, over the age of twenty-one, that he does not own 160 acres of land elsewhere in the United States, the Government will grant his claims and give him a patent or title to the land.

Should the homesteader desire to prove up before three years he can do so by "commuting" or paying $1.25 an acre for his land, living upon the claim fourteen months and making certain improvements. These call for a habitable house and one-sixteenth of his land under cultivation. Most of the homesteaders prefer to "commute" and get their deeds within a fourteen-month period, rather than to "live out" the land for three years.

IN CERTAIN sections of the West — Idaho and Utah, for instance — 320 acres may be taken under the homestead laws and no actual residence upon the land is required. The same applies under the Kincaid Act for Western Nebraska, where 640 acres may be taken. Under the Stock Raising Act a homesteader may acquire 640 acres, build a house and drill a few wells, string a mile or so of fence, and within three years apply to the Government, with proper proof of these proceedings, and secure a warranty deed.

Soldiers, sailors and World War veterans have certain privileges not given to the average citizen. Widows and heirs of homesteaders also have rights of completing entries; even those who go insane while trying to live out a homestead filing are granted favors by the Government in issuing patents.

The homestead laws are much more elastic today than when the West was first being settled, and the Government will go more than halfway to help you make the grade.

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The University of the Future

By Carter Davidson

The college alumnus who returns to his *alma mater* on homecoming day or in order to see his own children graduate from the institution, is continually being impressed by the changes which have taken place there — old landmarks have disappeared, huge new buildings with expensive equipment have taken their place, and the number of students has doubled and quadrupled. These external, physical alterations, however, are not the only changes, and perhaps not the most important ones, which have occurred in the universities of this country. The old grad, if he were to walk into a classroom during a recitation, would probably find that the methods of teaching have changed since his day; if the graduates of 1931 try the same experiment twenty years from now, they will probably be unable to recognize the old school — they may even discover that the students are ignorant of the fact that the college ever employed courses, credits, grades, lectures, or class meetings as means of education. The problem now of paramount interest to educators, students, alumni, and laymen alike is: why the change? and toward what are we headed?

The first American college, Harvard, was originally founded and organized upon the plan of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, John Harvard's *alma mater*. The industrial revolution of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the influence of the German university system, and the many differences between the life of Seventeenth Century England and the new American civilization, all combined to make the Harvard and the thousand other institutions of higher learning in the United States of the early Twentieth Century far different in methods and organization from Emmanuel. It is interesting to note that today Harvard is taking the lead among our colleges in the return to the more intimate methods of the English school.

The forces behind this movement for change are not merely theoretical and pedagogical. Faculty, students, alumni, and the general public are beginning to complain against specific faults in the system. The faculty and the better students find the lecture and classroom recitation repetitious, boring, and a waste of time; the inferior students feel that lectures are hard to understand, and that the classroom recitations are too rapid, failing to make clear the more difficult problems. The mechanical nature of the course and credit sys-

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tem, and its failure to insure a thorough grasp of the whole field, mark it as inefficient for a well-rounded preparation for life. Grades and standards, adapted to the abilities of the mediocre student, fail to encourage or recognize the superior scholar. As Viscount Bryce commented in his *American Commonwealth*, "There is indeed no respect in which the American system is more contrasted with that of Oxford and Cambridge than the comparatively small part assigned to the award of honors."

On the social side, both students and faculty members have objected to the lack of intimate social and intellectual contacts in institutions of from three thousand to thirty thousand students. How can a professor lecturing to eight hundred people hope to know the problems or even the name of each of them? Fraternities and sororities, in themselves a concrete protest against the housing and living conditions of the university dormitories, are in general too narrowing in their effect, and are not as yet integrated with the rest of the college educational system.

A THIRD type of dissatisfaction is seen in athletics and student activities. Intercollegiate athletics have become the possession of the privileged few — the letter men. Attempts to force physical training upon freshmen and sophomores, and to encourage sports among the upper-classmen, have proved abortive, lacking a sound basis of interest. The paid coaches give their attention entirely to the university teams, all the money for trips and equipment is expended upon this small group, and frequently a semi-professional spirit has been developed among the team members. The great majority of the student body has contented itself with watching and cheering; with the present system, such an evil condition seems almost inevitable. In other extra-curricular student activities the same lack of intelligent interest and participation is evident, because of the same absence of incentive.

THESE many and varied types of complaint are beginning to have an effect upon the universities. Possibly in part because the World War made Americans sensitive to everything German in their educational system, and also in part because research showed that British universities were not troubled by these problems, American colleges have begun to modify some of their practices to conform to those of the English. President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University, ten years before the outbreak of the War, announced that Princeton was to use a system of preceptorial instruction modeled on the Oxford tutorial scheme, with a weekly conference of from three to five students with their instructor. The improvement in the quality of work done by the students was noticeable.

Harvard College, in 1912, went a step farther by appointing tutors who worked with the students under their care as individuals rather than in groups, preparing them through a broad programme of study for a thorough general examination in the spring of their senior year. Harvard has been so pleased with the excellent results of this scheme, that it has now begun upon a "house plan," resem-

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bling the Oxford college residential organization, which is to be extended until it completely supplants the old scheme. Harvard is slowly withdrawing from intercollegiate athletics, with the exception of the traditional Yale games, which are to correspond to the Oxford-Cambridge encounters. A lengthy reading period in each semester before the examinations, with no lectures or class meetings, is another innovation. Yale, encouraged by the same philanthropist who made the Harvard scheme possible, is apparently developing the same arrangement.

ALMOST immediately after the election of a Rhodes scholar, Mr. Frank Aydelotte, as president of Swarthmore College in 1921, a plan of "reading for honors" corresponding to the Oxford "honor schools" was introduced. Its success there has induced many other colleges to offer honors courses as a part of the regular curriculum. In 1927 the University of Wisconsin Experimental College was organized, with its educational method primarily one of individual instruction and small-group discussion. Reed College, in Portland, Oregon, has used this method since its founding. Rollins College, in Florida, is now conducting its classes under the laboratory plan to secure the advantages of the Oxford system. The Antioch College "work and learn" method is intended to free the student and teacher from the machinery of compulsory classes and fragmentary work. The University of Chicago, in its recently adopted Junior-Senior college organization, has planned a series of examinations to be given at the end of set periods, corresponding closely to the responsions and public examinations in England.

The chief fault of all these arrangements is only too obvious. They all attempt to superimpose the individual instruction method upon the old lecture and course system, not to substitute the first for the second. The result has been chaos and much higher expense. Swarthmore reports a twenty-five per cent increase in the cost of instruction. Why? Because the members of the faculty conducting the honors study have been replaced in the lectures and recitations by new additional teachers. It is too much to expect to maintain both old and new systems complete in the same institution. There is no need, on the other hand, to make a complete break; the old system was not entirely faulty. Some modification of both plans must take place, if there is to result a truly unified scheme of higher education. An attempt to picture the organization of the American university of the future will be of value as an ideal toward which our present institutions should strive.

THE large university organism need not pass away in order to make room for this new structure; it will become primarily a coördinating body, made up of several small colleges of two or three hundred students each, and handling all matters which affect the whole group of member colleges, such as the apportionment of general funds, the admission and distribution of students, the control of common service institutions such as libraries and museums, and the correlation of the work of the separate colleges by the pro-

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vision of uniform examinations and impartial examining boards. The university will still confer the degrees, and remain under the control of its board of trustees, a president, and a university senate composed of representatives of each college.

THE college, administered by a dean, its faculty, and its student body, will select a varied but congenial group of students from those admitted to the university, considering always the student's preference. In the selection of its faculty, the college will attempt to secure broadly cultured men or women with ability for intimate student contacts. Each student will be assigned to a tutor who will direct his general course of study during the first year or two, in preparation for a general survey examination. This tutor will call on his colleagues to guide the student's work in their fields, and will try to apportion the load carefully. Each student will confer frequently with his tutor-in-chief, and attend such lectures, discussion groups, and conferences in his fields of study as the tutor recommends. The quality and quantity of his work will be frequently ascertained by his tutor and reported to the college dean. The teaching methods will naturally vary with the subject studied: the writing of papers to discuss with the tutors and fellow students meeting in informal discussion groups; optional attendance at lectures given in the evenings with perhaps movietone accompaniment; a gradual acceptance by the student of a more complete personal responsibility for his own education. The lectures will be of two types: the general and the specialized, to fit the students' purposes; they will be planned to avoid repetition within a two-year period, and the advanced lectures of the various colleges will be coördinated to allow students specializing in a field to hear the authorities of the university speak. In this way it will not be necessary for any member of a college faculty to deliver more than one lecture each week, and this fact combined with the optional attendance will encourage him to present his material attractively and effectively.

Although the library for advanced study will of necessity be of such size that only the university can support it, each college will have a good working library for the general studies, which the student can supplement by purchases or personal loans from his tutors. Much reading will be done during the vacations. The laboratories will probably be handled in much the same way as the libraries.

THE students all will be housed and fed within the precincts of their college, and a rich social life built around this association. Some members of the faculty will live in the college halls, and those who live outside will be urged to come frequently to meals and take part in the college life. Every student will be expected to engage in some student activity as a regular part of the curriculum.

The English scheme of athletics, with every student engaging in friendly sport each afternoon, will be a solution of the present athletic evil. The spirit of competition can be kept alive by frequent matches between teams chosen from the various

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colleges, and coached, not by highly salaried coaches, but by members of the faculty and advanced students. Sports continuable after graduation, and not the present forced exercise, will be chiefly encouraged.

THE tried and proved studies of the past and present will continue to be the chief body of knowledge in the colleges, with such additions as an advancing American civilization may produce. Emphasis, however, will be placed upon fields rather than on subjects, on breadth as well as depth of learning. Oxford now has ten main fields, certain of which — Jurisprudence and Theology — form separate schools in America. Swarthmore also has ten fields, in which the languages and sciences seem unnecessarily partitioned. The recent University of Chicago division into Humanities, Social Sciences, Physical Sciences, and Biological Sciences, seems to lump too much under the term Humanities for a general education. The curriculum of this future American college will probably contain seven major divisions: Literature, Language, Fine Arts, Philosophy and Mathematics, Social Sciences, Physical Sciences, and Biological Sciences. This seems to be fairly well balanced in the importance of the fields.

Literature will cover not only English and American classics, but those of other languages, in an attempt to encourage appreciation, understanding, and critical acumen as well as a knowledge of authors and periods; in the more advanced work, this division will work together with the division of Language. By the field of Language is not meant rhetoric or English composition, for these will be an essential part of all the fields studied. During the general education period the student will attempt to gain a thorough understanding of at least one language other than English, either ancient or modern, together with some appreciation of the literature in that language; advanced study will develop a command of that language and others, and a more thorough knowledge of their literary monuments. In Fine Arts, not only will the attainment of skill in music, painting, or other arts be encouraged, but an æsthetic appreciation of all the arts cultivated. The purpose of the work in Philosophy and Mathematics will be fundamentally to teach the student to think soundly, and to use his thoughts and those of the ages to formulate his own philosophy of life; religion, higher mathematics, and the history and problems of philosophy will occupy the attentions of the advanced students.

MAN'S place in society, viewed with genuine historical, sociological, governmental, and economic perspective, will be the field of the Social Sciences, opening up many lines for further development. The two divisions of science, the physical and the biological, will first give the students a survey of the interrelations of the various branches with each other and with the problems and institutions of human life, leaving until later the specialization within a field. In all these seven fields, breadth of understanding without superficiality will be the constant aim of teachers and students.

The present time requirements

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and insistence upon study for a degree will be discarded in favor of a programme adaptable to every interest and purpose. For those who desire a university degree, there will be offered a comprehensive examination on the fields of general education, followed later by one in the fields or field of specialty, such examinations to be taken by the student when he feels himself sufficiently prepared and when he secures the recommendation of his tutors. For those who desire it, an honors examination and degree will be open. Even in the "pass degree," special proficiency in one aspect will help to alleviate slight faults in others. At times an oral examination will supplement the written to recognize differences in abilities. Pre-professional students will vary from the norm to acquire adequate preparation. The thousands of students who desire the stimulus of the college atmosphere and faculty and the use of the university equipment without becoming candidates for a degree will be allowed to govern their own programmes and receive a certificate from their tutors and the university stating what work they have done.

ALTHOUGH some of the privately endowed universities will be forced to limit their enrollment, all those of normal ability who desire college training will have the opportunity of gaining it at some institution of collegiate rank. The function of the university will be the offering of opportunities rather than the maintenance of standards and the granting of degrees. Even in graduate study the old degrees will lose their power, and the master-apprentice relationship will take their place; the student will not obtain a Ph.D. from an institution, but a personal aid and recommendation from a great scholar, as an indication of his ability.

PRESENT college administrators look forward to this development fearing that it will prove excessively costly. Various changes, however, such as the elimination of much routine work, the reduction of lectures, the combination of classrooms with offices and dormitories in the same buildings, and the elimination of much administrative overhead, will reduce the total expense until it will be probably within the present expense limits. A college of two hundred students will function effectively with a faculty of twenty-five, a ratio not much higher than that in the average university of today. The opportunity of endowing and naming a college within a university rather than erecting a perishable building will appeal to many wealthy men who could not endow independent colleges under the present system.

The lasting value of this education of the future will become apparent when the generations of the future see that it is meeting a real need for broadly civilized and carefully trained members of the vocations and of society in general, and when the habits of study and self-reliance inculcated by this educational method will result in continued study and individual contributions to the new American civilization.

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A symposium by business and professional leaders on the opportunities open to this year's college graduates in various fields of endeavor

Brokerage

By Franklin Escher

Of Dresser and Escher

The "state of the market" may to some, this summer, mean the hardship of Southampton instead of Newport. In a million lesser American homes the Aladdin's Lamp of '29 may have been pushed, discarded and discredited into the furthermost corner. But — over on Broad Street, plans are under way for a ten million dollar addition to the New York Stock Exchange.

The country, in other words, by those in a position to know is still regarded as being "stock-minded." As "stock-minded," perhaps, as during the big days of '29. As ready, it may be, to come back and test out its theory that in the ownership not of bonds and mortgages but of "equities," in the rôle not of creditor but of partner, there lies the real road to wealth.

Ten people to-day who own stocks where a few years ago there was only one; "price-times-earnings" and similar phrases on everyone's lips; the financial page of the newspapers still the first and most eagerly read section — yes, in spite of all the weary wandering in the wilderness the public's eye is still on the hidden rock, the public's expectation still that the living waters can be made to flow.

It has become a great institution, the public's interest in the share market, a phase in our national life destined during the next few years, in the opinion of those best in a position to judge, to assume a hitherto undreamed-of scope and importance. Costly as was the awakening, there *has* been awakened in the public consciousness full realization of the great adjustments in business which are going on — and of the tremendous rewards which await the man able to gauge the effect of these adjustments upon the price of securities.

What chance for the young man just entering business to align himself with what is going on — as he himself would probably express it, to "horn in"? What kudos and what

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"outs" in this business of being a stockbroker?

First, let us get very clearly in mind just what a stockbroker is. Not, of course, a bond or a stock salesman; to act as a principal and to sell somebody something is naturally, an entirely different thing from acting as somebody's agent. Which, as a matter of fact, is exactly what a stockbroker is — an agent in the true sense of the word. John Smith in Oregon or in Florida or anywhere in between, has some money which he wants to invest in stocks: Jones & Company, stockbrokers, are the people with whom he consults as to which stocks to buy and, that having been settled, who go into the open market *as his agents* and consummate the transaction.

THE function of the stockbroker, then, is a dual one. He must, in the first place, be qualified to advise as to the investment of money. He must, in the second place, be possessed of the facilities — membership in the various Stock Exchanges and all that — to execute his clients' orders to his clients' best possible advantage. The first of these two functions, it is clearly evident, is a matter of education and of training. The second is rather a matter of capital and substance. Establishment of the facilities for the execution of orders, naturally, is an expensive piece of business.

Two means, thus, present themselves through which the man just out of college can enter the stockbroking business. He can, in the first place, providing he has the means, buy his way in. He can, in the second place, enter by the door of qualifications in the way of education or connections (or both) which will fit him in a comparatively short space of time to assume the rôle of adviser to people having money to invest.

CONFINING the discussion to the man who has got to make his own way and getting down a little more to cases, no great difficulty presents itself to the properly qualified college man who is out to get a job with some reputable stock brokerage concern and who realizes that it will be necessary for him to make a modest beginning. Family or social connections suggestive of "business to be thrown his way" are, naturally, a help; but even without any such special leverage the right sort of man has no trouble in getting his foothold. For a couple of years, of course, that "foothold" is far more likely to be an early-and-late job under the electric lights of the "back office" than a ten-to-three job under the moose-head and the stuffed tarpon "out in front," but unless that is clearly understood and appreciated, the candidate had best fix his mind on some other form of endeavor. There are, it is true, firms which will take on a "customers' man" the day he comes out of college and a week later send him out among his friends with the admonition to "go get the business," but it is hardly with that sort of thing that this discussion is concerned. Qualification properly to advise people as to their investments is a process requiring not only a long period of intensive study but years of keen and deductive observation as well. There's no possible short-cut.

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What there is though, and what there wasn't ten or perhaps even five years ago, is an astonishing amount of well collated information readily available to the man of an analytical turn of mind and who really wants to get at the facts. Gone, or nearly so, is the tipster's sheet of a generation ago. In its place now we have the various "services," organizations it is true of a varying degree of efficiency and utility, but all of them capable of supplying a vast amount of information as to corporation earnings, commodity and money market conditions, etc., etc. Constantly amazing to the writer who, in his early days as a financial editor, had to rely on the then thin trickle of "news" is the scope and volume of financial information now furnished at a moderate annual subscription price by any one of the several "statistical organizations." Not predictions and forecasts — though those, too, unfortunately perhaps, have to be issued — but soundly synthesized groups of facts covering practically every phase of financial activity.

THE facts about the percentage of gross charged off as depreciation by Consolidated Gas or North American won't, of course, give you much of a line on whether the pool in Auburn is going to run the stock another fifty points. They do, however, in connection with a lot of other facts, make possible an intelligent comparison of these utility companies with others. Which after all is, or at any rate ought to be, the main business of a stockbroker — to offer his clients advice based not on hearsay, tips or alleged "inside information," but on definite knowledge as to relative values.

Has a college-trained mind any advantage in the use, for practical purposes, of statistical compilations? Has a trained boxer any advantage over an opponent who has never been taught to use his strength?

ASSUMING then that you come out of college, get a job with a stock brokerage concern, graduate competently after the necessary years of apprenticeship into a "front office" position — what, under those circumstances, is there to look forward to, what is the reward financially and otherwise?

Financially, first — as great, certainly, and perhaps greater, than in almost any other profession. Money is in the air in and around the Stock Exchange, much money; and to the man who proves himself competent in this matter of the administration of the capital of his clients, there accrue fees of substantial amount. Primarily the stockbroker's function is so to advise his clients that their investments will prove profitable. Establish a reputation for being able to do that and the question of compensation becomes one about which there will never be any difficulty. An Open Sesame, an entrée into the most select circles is a satisfied and responsive investment clientèle.

Other than from a financial viewpoint the stock brokerage profession, too, offers great inducements. The hours are anything but long; the environment is usually pleasant; associations and contacts generally speaking are with people of means and consequently of leisure and re-

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finement. In addition to all of which is the fact that the man truly fitted for this work, the man both able and conscientious, can well feel that he is engaged in an occupation that is important as well as constructive. Intelligently and competently to share in the routing of the country's available investment capital into the country's productive enterprise is an occupation of which anybody may well be proud.

Law

By Silas H. Strawn

Former President of the American Bar Association

The success of a lawyer during the first five years of practice, as well as in the rest of his career, depends in the main upon two elements: First, his natural aptitude for the practice of the law, and second, his educational qualifications. Thus his progress will depend largely upon the extent to which these two prerequisites are combined.

The several trade unions have rules governing the time apprentices are required to serve before they can become journeymen in their respective trades. These requirements run from three years of apprenticeship in some of the trades to five years in others.

The public should be much more interested in the training of a lawyer who is to participate in the administration of justice and who has to do with those questions respecting the property and liberty of our citizens, than in the training of a mechanic. The mechanic must do *certain* things well. The lawyer has a much wider range of activity and generally deals with subjects more vital and personal than does the mechanic.

Assuming that the time fixed by the trade unions represents their deliberate judgment as being necessary for the preparation of those whose life work is to be largely manual, I submit that the public should give more attention to the educational qualifications for admission to the bar, where the activities are supposed to be chiefly mental, than is now given.

That our people do not understand the requirement for the successful practice of the law is evidenced by the resistance of the several states to put into effect the rule of the American Bar Association, which rule may be summarized as recommending that every candidate for admission to the bar should have a minimum of two years of college education, or its equivalent, before commencing the study of the law and that he should have successfully finished a three years' course at an approved full-time law school or four years at an approved part-time school. Then if he is able to pass an examination by bar examiners he is,

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in some States, required to pass the scrutiny of a committee on character and fitness, to determine whether, in addition to his legal education, he is a man of sufficient character and possesses the general qualifications to undertake the difficult and responsible obligations of his profession.

THIS American Bar Association rule was adopted on the recommendation of a committee headed by the Hon. Elihu Root. In urging the adoption of the rule, Senator Root said, among other things:

> Vastly complicated our practice has become. The enormous masses of statutes and decisions have made it so. Twelve thousand to fifteen thousand public decisions of courts of last resort in a year! A wilderness of laws and a wilderness of adjudications that no man can follow, requiring not less, but more ability; not less, but more learning; not less, but more intellectual training in order to advise an honest man as to what his rights are and in order to get his rights for him. Are we doing it? No. The bar stays still....
>
> Not only has the practice of the law become complicated, but the development of the law has become difficult. New conditions of life surround us; capital and labor, machinery and transportation, social and economic questions of the greatest, most vital interest and importance, the effects of taxation, the social structure, justice to the poor and injustice to the rich, — a vast array of difficult and complicated questions that somebody has got to solve, or we here in this country will suffer as the poor creatures in Russia are suffering because of a violation of economic law, whose decrees are inexorable and cruel. Somebody has got to solve these questions. How are they to be solved? I am sure we all hope they will be solved by the application to the new conditions of the old principles of justice out of which grew our institutions. But to do that you must have somebody who understands those principles, their history, their reason, their spirit, their capacity for extension, and their right application. Who is to have that? Who but the bar?

The time has long passed when the lawyer can practice by ear, intuition or impulse. This is true no matter how great a natural genius he may be. The science of the law is too exacting. The range of human activity is too great.

After an experience of more than forty years at the bar I am convinced that in these times a condition precedent to the attainment of any considerable degree of success in the practice of the law is a well-grounded pre-legal education followed by a three years' course in a first-class law school.

Given the qualifications to which I have referred, the next job of the young lawyer is to get started in the practice. This he may do in three ways:

First, open an office of his own;

Second, associate himself with an established firm, or

Third, become a clerk in the office of some district or prosecuting attorney or in the legal department of some branch of the Federal or State Government.

His choice will depend to a certain extent upon his natural inclination and to a lesser degree upon his opportunities.

IF THE young lawyer starts to build up a practice of his own he must be possessed of patience and courage and must be content to do the little or less complicated things until he has become experienced. I believe it is much better for the young lawyer to associate himself with an established firm. He then has an opportunity immediately to enter a larger field of activity and to deal with more important matters. After

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having acquired experience he can then determine whether he wishes to remain with the firm or start for himself. If he wishes to become a trial lawyer or to learn something of the practice in the various governmental bureaus, he will find opportunities of which he can avail himself.

It is estimated that there are at present about 150,000 lawyers in this country. Assuming the practicing life of the average lawyer is thirty-five years, it would require 4,500 new recruits to replace those who drop out of the profession. Yet the fact is that we are now turning out about 9,500 lawyers each year. There is, therefore, a serious question of the survival of the fittest during the first five years of the practice of the law. However, that problem should not be discouraging, because it is one with which we have had to contend in every field of human endeavor since the beginning of time. Therefore, we must conclude that the first five years of a lawyer's practice are largely determinative of his success or failure. To succeed he must have good physical health, a natural aptitude for the profession and the educational qualifications to which I have referred.

Merchandizing

By Samuel W. Reyburn

President of the Associated Dry Goods Corporation of New York

Each year the month of June finds an increasing number of young men and young women graduates from high schools and colleges considering the retail business, and particularly as it is conducted by the department store, as the channel through which to direct their life's vocational activities. More and more often are the questions asked of those already in the field: What is the opportunity in retail merchandizing? Has it a future? Will it hold my enthusiastic interest and compel the use and high development of my talents?

Introducing and selling goods to the final consumer in a permanent location, that is, shopkeeping, goes very far back in history. To make it possible, an ordered system of coinage of precious metals which held the confidence of and circulated freely among the people was necessary.

The older historians believed that the first practical use of coinage as a measure of value, a medium of exchange, began in Lydia, a little nation on the shores of the Mediterranean on the western edge of the civilization of that time. It enjoyed the arts of peace for many centuries before Greece took a prominent place in the world's affairs. In those days the chief business of the civilized world was war. At about the same time, innkeeping, or the hotel

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business as we call it, began. These were peaceful arts that could not be made profitable undertakings in the days of barter.

The beginning of the use of coinage, shopkeeping, and innkeeping in Asia Minor may have taken place before 1000 B. C., possibly earlier in the Far East. There are two Chinese proverbs about retailing, very interesting, very old, and they are as good today as ever. One reads: "If you would be successful, always think of the selling before you buy." Another is: "If you have not a smiling face, do not attempt to be a merchant." As it takes many generations of living and proving to crystallize sound practice into a terse proverb, it may be that coinage and retail selling in China preceded that in Lydia by many centuries.

In its basic principles, that is, the need for knowing and anticipating customers' wants, keeping in touch with markets far and near, having the goods on hand and exchanging them with the consumer for money or a promise of money, it is carried on today much as it was in the beginning, ages ago. We may justly claim that in all these centuries, it has changed less in its basic elements than any other branch of business, and from this we may safely argue that it is a service that will always be needed in any civilized society.

Despite the fact that we have followed the same fundamentals so long, there has been through these centuries a continual increase in the variety of manufactured articles, and an increase in the variety of shops, an increase in the knowledge of the average consumer and his opportunities for gratifying his desires, and so today consumption is greater than ever before and practically everything with which we clothe ourselves, feed ourselves, and make ourselves comfortable is bought from the shopkeeper. Rarely can we deal directly with the manufacturer or the producer of our requirements, for they are scattered over the face of the earth and many of them far from the great centres of consumption.

Speaking generally, consumers are motivated in buying merchandise by the mental processes, that is, reason and judgment, or by the emotions, that is, feelings and beliefs. Merchandise makes its appeal through its uses, its beauty, and the pleasure it may give by being distinctive because of its age, its history, or its novelty. In the purchase of necessary articles, the average man or woman forms habits, and price and convenience are the dominant influences. With articles that not only perform the necessary service but also gratify emotions through the distinction their possession may give, not habits but thoughtful consideration and the exercise of taste are the dominant influences.

In these days the performance of the final function in the distribution of essential commodities to the consumer is done by individuals, firms, and corporations that may be roughly divided into five general divisions:

First: The chain stores.

Second: The mail order houses.

Third: The large and small retail stores, dealing in staple goods of all descriptions, owned and operated by

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an individual, a firm, or a close corporation, that supply all kinds of merchandise to their communities.

Fourth: The class specialty shops, giving a careful and discriminating service, and dealing in a wide range of articles for the consumer but chiefly in men's and women's apparel and their accessories, furnishings for the home, and decorative objects.

Fifth: In all cities of sufficient population to maintain a fairly large retail trading district, there are large general stores known as department stores. Many of them deal in practically everything required by the individual or in the home. Each department is in reality a specialty shop. They are a great convenience to customers in that close relations that develop a mutual understanding can be established in one place where all the needs of family and home can be secured in the least possible time. To the investor they give the safety of a widely distributed risk and to the management an opportunity of studying the successes and failures in the various departments and applying the lessons of these studies to the development of a greater efficiency and economy of management. These businesses are now nearly all owned by corporations.

IT IS in the field of department stores that I have had my experience in retailing and it is this division to which I will confine my further remarks.

In these organizations young men and young women can get a broad view of business generally and particularly the retail business. Most of the well-run stores in the larger cities make an organized effort to train all their employes. Particular attention is given to the executive training of those who seem to have a natural aptitude for the responsibilities of leadership.

THERE is no business in which the human equation is so large and so important. These big store organizations are more nearly a cross-section of civilized society than any other groups we know. They are composed of men and women old and young, of trained and untrained minds. Furthermore, they are engaged in that very personal problem of serving the customer with goods he expects to consume and doing it in a way so satisfactory that that customer will be led to come back to secure his future wants. It is an exceedingly competitive field and no protective franchise can be secured. There is no patented principle or machinery that adds much to the production in a department store. Its success is dependent upon giving good service to people with people. But it is giving a service of objects and so it is necessary to have a high appreciation of things as well as people. Consider the comprehensiveness of the definition in the Lord & Taylor Store of a word very frequently and lightly used, "style." "Style" in that organization is used to name that "artistic and enduring quality to be found in an object of beauty and usefulness which is the resultant of good design, harmonious colors, skillful workmanship, and appropriate material." But in addition to having this knowledge, one must realize that he must please his

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customers and all of them will not have a well developed artistic taste. So he must be a judge of "fashion," which, with the store named, means the favorable reaction of its customers towards the newer items of merchandise. Oftentimes the popular demand — that is, the fashion — may not be for the best designs from an artistic standpoint.

EACH article sold in a department store must not only be useful, but must satisfy the consumer's desire for distinction, as well as conform to the demands of fashion. Such merchandise must be attractively displayed in harmonious surroundings and presented with skillful salesmanship. To be successful, the department store must be managed by men and women who have judgment, initiative, imagination, and vision. In addition they must have the confidence and the courage to make timely decisions and to take timely action.

The young man or woman who is contemplating a career may be assured that the work offers an opportunity for use of knowledge, and specifically a knowledge of economics, of sociology, and of psychology. Those who have this basic knowledge at their command will know the effect of supply and demand upon the price of commodities, will study and evaluate the standards of living in a given community, will understand human behavior and be able to direct human effort. To use this knowledge effectively in leading and teaching, and to insure a continual flow of information from others, they will, following the advice of Chesterfield who said, "Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world," cultivate good manners.

The customer is becoming increasingly critical of the beauty as well as the usefulness of things with which she clothes and surrounds herself. Therefore, those who would become merchants must strive for an appreciation of the beauty in all things in order that the desires of customers may be accurately measured.

In order to direct successfully a large group of people, the work to be done by the group must be continually analyzed, evenly distributed, and properly related. In Lord & Taylor the work is classified into three divisions. These are: finance, merchandise, and service. In the finance division one finds all the people whose work it is to control and keep the records of the distribution of money which is invested in the business, and of its return through the sale of merchandise and services. In this division are found the statistical departments, the credit department, the cashier department and many others the functions of which are similar.

IN THE merchandise division, one finds all employes who are responsible for providing adequate assortments of merchandise at the right time and at the right price, and for presenting this merchandise to the public. In this division are found the buying departments, the fashion department, and the advertising department.

In the service division there are grouped all of those activities that have to do with customers and with employes. These activities include

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the proper equipping of the building in which the business is conducted, the reception and care of customers during their visit to the shop, the handling and delivery of merchandise, and the careful selection, adequate training, and proper consideration for the welfare of employes.

Although ultimate success in department store work may be attained through a variety of channels, it has its source in experience behind the counter or other places where customers are met and served satisfactorily. The great importance of a customer's viewpoint to the buyer, to the merchandise manager, to the fashion adviser, to the advertising copywriter, to the personnel worker, or to the man or woman in any other executive position in a retail store should never be overlooked.

Only through frequent contact with the customer can the buyer or merchandise manager discriminate successfully in the selection of merchandise. Only through a real interest in customers and their needs can the fashion adviser anticipate changes in the nature of consumer demand. Only through a knowledge of human nature, gained in a selling department, can the advertising copywriter catch and hold the attention of the buying public.

With the various departments of these great stores, each with its many problems of style, fashion, and satisfactory service, work in them offers a bigger challenge and greater opportunity to grow, than in almost any other business.

Architecture

By Ralph Walker

Member of the Architectural Commission of the Chicago World's Fair Exposition, 1933

The young architect, upon the completion of his preliminary education, is not different from other young professional men in finding in the new world which he enters that it seems a long climb from the bottom rung, on which he starts, to the top. He, as well as all youth, is told that the dizzy height is only to be achieved by hard work and a certain undefined amount of genius. Unfortunately, because of an insufficient supply of daughters, the Victorian idea of success in which hard work especially is finally rewarded by gaining the boss' daughter in marriage and therefore obtaining in one magnificent leap the step immediately below that of the boss, no longer seems a possible opportunity to the young man of the present day. He observes also that in opportunity there is to be found a fickle element of chance, for how otherwise can the

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success of some of the men he meets be explained.

The office in which he finds himself, again because of chance, seems to offer but small openings for the future. He is likely to find a draughtsman class strangely content with moderate incomes, but that contentment is soon explained — for architecture is a pleasant profession in which most men somehow manage to enjoy the fine things of life with small means. The young architect, nevertheless, has the opportunity of judging in part the type of work that, as a student, interests him the most, and by careful thought can eventually find the office and the guidance he desires. This is a necessary step, because as his reputation grows he will find that it sets up limitations on his future practice, which, in an age of specialization is difficult to overcome. For example, the architect doing small residence work finds it very hard to obtain the opportunity of larger work.

THE work of the profession, moreover, is of vital interest to the world, and its problems — which are rarely the same on successive days — are extremely diversified. The men who are especially fitted to work within it have, as a rule, a life of more than usual fullness, for the art of building necessitates the possession of a variety of knowledge and understanding.

The average student gains at college the impression that architectural design consists in making pretty pictures of buildings, and to a large extent the same misconception applies also to that held by the lay public. Very often the architect is asked immediately to draw a picture, as if that were what his job consisted of. The architect is not an exterior decorator, he is a designer of buildings, a molder of communities. The architect must prepare himself for a larger responsibility than that which, up to the present, he has acknowledged.

ARCHITECTURE is a business in which the architect holds in trust and spends for his client large sums of money. This he must do more efficiently than any manufacturer. He must work within the financial limitations of his client's problem, preparing cost analyses and evaluating the economics of first cost and maintenance. In commercial work he is called in more and more to help determine the financial return of the contemplated project. His judgment must be balanced and at the same time sufficiently foresighted not to create for his client future liabilities. He acts as agent for his client throughout the entire project and looks to the protection of his interests.

The architect must be an engineer. He is responsible for the structural, mechanical and electrical efficiency of the buildings he designs. He should have sufficient knowledge of all these parts of his work, not necessarily to be considered as an expert but to enable his client properly to appraise the final result. He so correlates the methods and means of these different mechanical usages in harmony, one with the other, as to obtain a balance which otherwise would be lacking. This coördination is properly the architect's work, and his relationship to the several specialists should be that of leader.

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Knowing the client's needs, having helped to ascertain the programme for their development, he is in the position to demand new methods of structure, to assist in creating them and to perfect new methods in design.

The economy of factory produced articles in the building art can only be possible with his knowledge and assistance. The architect and the engineer are here performing an identical function when assisting in the development of new design; they differ only when the sense of human factors is lost sight of in that development.

BUILDING is an art devoted to interpreting human needs, and the successful result is only attained through a careful analysis of the problem in all its phases. It is an applied art and not an "art for art's sake." It is an art in which everyday, commonplace circumstances of living are expressed, and in which for that very reason the factor of beauty is important. Economic, structural and use efficiency are not enough, are not sufficient unto themselves. Architecture should achieve beauty, for in the final result beauty conditions men's lives long after all other types of function, as expressed in architecture, cease to be vital. The demand for beauty increases in ratio to the distance people are removed from the pioneering stage of civilization, and in this country we have reached an advanced stage in the development. The creation of wealth, unless it fulfills itself in the creation of beauty, is sterile.

The architect then, besides being practical, besides being business-like, also has the function of helping the community to an appreciation of the beautiful. He calls to his aid the fine and applied arts. He is interested in all creative effort that goes to make for comfort and happiness — the sculptor, the painter, the maker of furniture, the craftsman in wood and metals look to him for guidance and for inspiration.

He has a close relationship with the life about him. He becomes as intimate in people's lives as a father confessor. He interprets a way of living, and because of that relationship and of the compromise that is necessary for him to make possible a proper interpretation, he must assume control. He is a leader in the market place, for it is both his inspiration and his audience. Business competition, finance, and all social questions are as much his problem as is the problem of the building, and he must aid in finding a way of living well under these conditions or in helping to change them.

THERE is a statesmanship in architecture as well as in politics. The architect is interested in city planning not only in the showy effect of monumental civic centers but in the disposition of all life in the broadest realization of the relationship of the country to the city. The problem again is the one of a full life and transcends the engineering problems of transport and transit, because the planning should be based on fundamental equations and not on designing expedients. The architect's problem of the future will be the planning of communities and not solely the planning of individual buildings.

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The art of building has become, within the past fifty years, a great deal more complex. The improvement in building methods and mechanical appliances is constantly increasing. There would seem at present no indication that this has reached a degree of perfection that will call a halt on future development. On the contrary, in many of the mechanical branches of the industry the indication is that the development has but started.

It is not possible, as it was fifty years ago, for one man to comprehend all the knowledge necessary in modern construction. Even the smallest building requires its "specialist." The profession has become largely a group activity in which specialized effort has to be molded into a balanced whole. As indicated, the architect, using the word in a collective sense, must be many-sided, so that architectural firms will comprise men interested in all branches of the building art from the conception of the building through the different engineering phases to the equipment for the actual use of the tenant-to-be.

In so large a group activity it is evident that some one must be the leader, and the architect, because of his humanistic training, is the best fitted for that task. However, there is and will be plenty of opportunity for individual expression in every part of these organizations.

The opportunities then are wide and many. How they are accepted and improved is the problem of the individual, and his success will be due to an ability to move forward unprejudiced by tradition, unhampered by sentimentality, and finally by attaining a broad understanding of the needs of society.

The profession of architecture lacks the opportunity of creating great personal wealth, although as the building operations grow greater there will be for many a satisfactory financial return. All creative work furnishes, however, a personal gratification, and that to many will be compensation enough.

Radio

By James G. Harbord

Chairman of the Board, Radio Corporation of America

From campus paths the 1931 graduates, carrying diplomas awarded amid appropriate handclapping, are stepping forth into a life sprinkled with opportunities and "No Help Wanted" signs. The fact that the most conservative economist will admit that there is an overproduction of those discouraging signs this year makes the problem of selecting the best opportunities in business even more acute than usual.

Yet, even in 1931, I should say to

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any graduate asking my advice that the search should not begin with a survey of the world he seeks to conquer, but with an inventory of his own interests and his own abilities. If he asked me whether radio offered great chances for advancement, I should tell him that it did, if he had something to offer radio. I should add frankly that business conditions in this as in nearly every other industry have made jobs scarce now.

Without attempting to list the diverse aptitudes I believe would aid in the diverse branches of radio as it is known today, I should urge this first inward glance. It is only in the knowledge of the individual's ability to take advantage of the opportunities I shall mention as applying particularly to radio that those opportunities exist at all for him.

ADDRESSING particularly the young man who is just finishing his education, I should say that radio might interest him more than some other businesses, because it is among the youngest and the most rapidly developing of the industries. The annual report of the Radio Corporation issued a few weeks ago contained this striking paragraph:

> The number of homes in the United States in which telephones are installed is approximately 13,500,000.
>
> The number of homes in the United States which are wired for electricity is approximately 20,000,000.
>
> The number of homes in the United States now equipped with radio sets is estimated to be between 14,000,000 and 15,000,000.
>
> It took 53 years since the beginning of telephone service to equip these homes with telephones.
>
> It took 49 years since the beginning of the electric power industry to equip these homes with electricity.
>
> It took 10 years since the beginning of the radio broadcast art to equip these homes with radio sets.

Into the achievement of such a remarkable record of growth have gone the ideas and energy of men. Pioneers in a new industry have marked new trails. Careers have been made. Still radio has not reached the stage where its possibilities for advancement are exhausted. Every year new inventions are being added to those which increase the efficiency and the applications of radio. Every year the total number of radio sets in use increases.

SPECULATION as to exact lines which developments of the next five years will follow in radio would not be helpful because no one knows. But it is certain that these years will bring advancements. Equipment already developed by the electrical and radio industries for the recording and projection of sound makes it evident, for example, that the field of the talking motion picture, an application of radio principles to the silent movie, extends beyond theatrical entertainment. Progress points toward an enlarged market for the talking film in the schoolroom, the college, the church and, eventually, the home. Television has been brought definitely nearer to commercial development by the research and technical progress of the last year. When it arrives it will bring new opportunities in the radio industry — opportunities undreamed of a few years ago.

Do not choose radio if your inclination is toward the cloistered quiet that sometimes goes with the professions that have become set in

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the grooves of tradition. Although the broadcast programmes which are listened to by millions every day are one of the few great influences of recent years that have tended to reëstablish the American home as a place where the family remains for its amusement, I know of no business that reflects more than radio the tempo of modern life, none that is more in tune with advances in other fields. This characteristic, which tends to attract men of all ages who have a youthful outlook, has practical considerations also for the young man who is looking to radio for his future advancement.

WHAT radio has done in revitalizing the phonograph industry is an indication of how valuable its principles can be in other activities. It is forwarding aviation by offering means of communication between airplanes and dirigibles and the ground and by radio beacons which enable fliers to steer a straight course in fog and at night. The achievements as an aid to shipping and the safety of life at sea that brought public recognition of marine radio's value years before the day of broadcasting seem to be only the forerunner of a constantly improving technique in that vital part of the world's work. Rapid as the progress has been in radio telegraphy between nations, knitting the whole world closer in commerce and social intercourse, radio still is leading (by its addition of new circuits and inventions to improve and speed service) this march toward the easier exchange of ideas. Radio has contact through broadcasting with music and literature, living history, government — in fact it is a mirror of contemporary life. Broadcast programmes succeed or fail in the measure in which they touch the interests and needs of the persons who hear them.

The unusual diversity of radio is a point which must be mentioned among those that increase the opportunities the industry offers. It should be mentioned to the young career-seeker, however, with the warning that the increased chance of climbing held out by this diversification is accompanied as a matter of course by the necessity of departmentalized work which tends toward routine.

IN THE different divisions of radio quite different qualities may aid in success. There is little similarity between the work of radio operator at sea sending a message from a ship and the field representative selling Radiotrons in the Middle West. Yet both are a part of the radio industry, as it is generally defined. To one ambitious college graduate of 1931 radio may mean a chance to work at scientific research, if he has the special technical training, ability and good fortune to find a position. In another branch another graduate may find a job as salesman. Among those who have made radio one of the leading industries in America today are men skilled in invention, men skilled in manufacturing, men whose bent is toward merchandizing, men whose particular interest is the financial aspect of business.

So the list goes on — and with it goes the chance for definite and detailed advice of any great value to those who feel an urge to enter the

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radio industry. In general radio holds out the promise of advancement inherent in a rapidly growing business, a promise which appeals to me because I believe in the increasing importance and dignity of business as a profession demanding real leadership. Qualifying that promise, this business offers some of the keenest competition in the world today. Never was radio seeking fewer recruits than this year. But undoubtedly a few from the college classes of 1931 will find their way in. Of that few some may work hard enough and be fortunate enough in convincing others of their ability to become the radio leaders of the future.

The Automobile Industry

By Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.

President of General Motors Corporation

In the evolution of American business, there has been a growing opportunity for men and women from our colleges and universities, and in so far as our colleges and universities are turning out trained minds they are rendering a valuable service to business. Modern business is looking for disciplined intelligence and therefore it presents an enlarged opportunity for the college-trained man and college-trained woman.

It is generally conceded that business as it is now conducted is coming to be recognized more and more as a profession and that the old distinction between business and the professions is tending more and more to disappear. Schools of commerce, requiring in some instances an academic degree for admission, and forming a part of the curricula of our universities, indicate quite unmistakably a growing and necessary alliance between education and the business world. Indeed the line between the rendering of services, which might be taken as the traditional hall-mark of the professions, and the manufacture and distribution of products as the distinguishing feature of business, is becoming more and more vague. Modern business supplies both goods and services.

Business, like the older professions, depends upon scientific thinking, and for this reason, more than any other, it must look to the colleges and universities for those who are trained in the necessary technique. The aim and goal of scientific thinking has always been control through the ascertainment of facts and in the interest of human well-being. This is the spirit of science irrespective of what may be its subject matter.

At no time has the factor of control secured by scientific thinking been of such paramount importance in business. In the beginning American business was made up of small units where there was an element of

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barter and trade, and where each individual in a sense exchanged what he made for something which was made by his neighbor. During the past quarter century business has grown not only in size but in complexity. The problems have become so complex that to deal with them successfully calls for trained minds, capable of logical and scientific thinking, of sifting the essential from the non-essential in any situation, of keen analysis and orderly synthesis. Otherwise difficulties are pyramided, and instead of order there is chaos, instead of mastery there is drift.

With its growth in size and complexity business is becoming also more and more a coöperative enterprise. In big business especially the ability to adjust oneself to organized effort without losing one's initiative and capacity for independent judgment is becoming increasingly important. It follows that trained minds can more readily adapt themselves to changing situations and to the requirements of coöperative effort.

Looking at the question from the broad standpoint of the opportunities for college-trained men in the automotive industry, I would say that we should not confine ourselves to the year 1931, for this is not a normal year as far as opportunities are concerned. But considering the matter from the standpoint of the next few years, the automotive industry is certain to grow in importance, because its business is fundamental — namely, transportation, and because it is the largest manufacturing industry in the world. Even though we cannot foresee how great the future is to be, the fact that there is this element of uncertainty makes the situation more interesting and presents a challenge to trained minds. In the automotive business in particular there is a growing need for a broad knowledge of the principles of merchandizing, technical and engineering knowledge, financial skill and executive management.

Modern industry in this era of the Machine, also has a growing social responsibility and the wisdom to discharge this responsibility, which is one of "social engineering," will also be at a premium. The automotive industry affords many opportunities to those who have the will to work with and for men.

Of course, there will always be the opportunity for the exceptional individual, who, without enjoying the advantages of a college training, is yet able to achieve success through natural ability, application and ambition. By his own efforts and initiative, as the history of American business shows, he can cultivate the same attitudes and develop the same vision, foresight and habits of exact thought that the more formal processes of education provide, and that, as we have stated, American business is looking for in the college-trained man.

However, such an individual is becoming more and more the exception, so that the progress of the automotive industry in the future will be more closely allied with our educational institutions than it has been in the past.

To sum up, we might say that as was the case in an earlier army that was noted for its democracy, the army of American industry offers to all "a career open to talent."

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Music

By Sigmund Spaeth

Music Critic and Lecturer

To a college graduate, or for that matter, to any young man or woman having a musical talent and an honest enthusiasm for the art, the profession of music naturally seems to offer a most attractive career.

All of us who have performed successfully in amateur concerts have secretly or perhaps openly cherished the ambition to appear before admiring throngs on the professional stage, to see our names in headlines, to be fêted and extravagantly praised, and to earn fabulous gold by merely singing or playing a few numbers as our inclination may dictate.

The absurdity of such a dream need scarcely be pointed out. Even in the palmiest days of music in America (which would certainly not include the present) the actual rise to fame and riches through music was a comparatively rare occurrence. Such a success was reserved for a very few fortunate souls, primarily possessed of extraordinary talent amounting to genius, and secondarily equipped with personality, physical health, determination, a thick-skinned immunity to rebuffs or insults, and finally the command of considerable funds for self-exploitation. All of these things were essential, even when music had a good paying audience, which is by no means the case today.

There is still room for a few truly brilliant performers in concert and opera, as indicated by the phenomenal success of Lily Pons at the Metropolitan Opera, the rise of such popular singers as Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks, and the quick recognition of newcomers at the piano, such as Horowitz Iturbi and young Robert Goldsand, not to speak of the hysterical acclaim given to such prodigies of the violin as the Menuhin and Ricci boys. But these are striking exceptions. For every one musical artist to achieve real distinction and a considerable income in recent years, there are hundreds that just about succeed in making both ends meet, hundreds of others plodding along in the vain hope of eventually achieving recognition, and still more hundreds literally starving, or keeping themselves alive by some other medium than that of their music.

It is not therefore an auspicious moment for encouraging any young Americans to seek a musical career as actual performers. It may be argued that if a talent has not made itself insistently evident long before the college age, there is not much hope for really big results on the concert or

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operatic stage. The musical stars of today were practically all prodigies in their childhood, starting their public appearances at the tender ages of nine, ten or eleven, and reaching an artistic maturity at a time when the average boy or girl would be graduating from high school.

After that they had to spend years of time and thousands of dollars in making themselves known to the American public and in many cases it was only through a lucky "break" that they finally attracted the attention they deserved. With the serious musical audience of America now at perhaps its lowest ebb, the chances of attaining true greatness and wealth in the legitimate field of concert or opera are today so faint as to be practically negligible.

To be sure, there are other fields in which musical performance can be made both lucrative and fairly satisfying to the ego. There is radio, there is musical comedy, there are the sound pictures and the musical units in the movie theatres, there are the churches, and there are the orchestras, from the ordinary jazz band up to the great symphonic organizations. But every one of these fields is overcrowded at present, with thousands of skilled performers who might once have belonged in the artist class now failing to find even the routine work of the musical tradesman.

Recently the American Federation of Musicians, representing the orchestral players of the country, carried on a national advertising campaign protesting against the invasion of "mechanical music" whereby the human performer was thrown out of employment. It might have been better if this money had been spent on actually putting orchestras into the leading theatres of the country and proving once for all whether the amusement public wants them or not. Unfortunately the demand for such music was never solidly created, and it is an open question whether an adequate mechanical version of a first-class performance is preferable to the direct hearing of a personal presentation of perhaps more doubtful quality.

In any case, the fact remains that far too many splendid musicians are out of work. There are not enough big orchestras to keep them busy; the theatres have almost unanimously gone in for talking pictures (except for a few legitimate houses where the orchestra has long been a thing of the past); musical comedy is an increasingly rare and expensive luxury, and radio uses the same small group of tried and experienced performers over and over again, with a pretty frigid shoulder for even the union member who has not yet created a demand for his services.

My frank advice to the young musical performer, therefore, is to keep out of the profession at present, even though he or she may possess unusual ability. The supply is too much in excess of the demand, and for ninety-nine out of a hundred aspirants there can be only heartaches and disillusionment.

On the other hand, America badly needs a national audience of well trained amateurs, to appreciate the work of the skilled professionals and make it worth while. The thousands of young Americans who possess real

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musical talent should be utilizing it as an avocation and a hobby, getting enjoyment out of their own ability and stimulating their friends to a similar enthusiasm, but not forcing their way into an already overcrowded field with almost certain disappointment in store.

Our athletic coaches would not dream of urging even their best pupils to go in for professional sport, except in very rare instances. Similarly our amateur musicians should not be encouraged to try for professional careers, but rather to use their gifts for personal enjoyment and as a musical stimulus to the community in which they live.

It is quite possible to make a musical talent produce very practical results in connection with almost any business or profession nowadays. Anyone employed by a large organization, particularly of the industrial type, can become exceedingly useful in the creation of amateur choruses, bands, orchestras, and general entertainments by and for the employes. A teacher, a minister, a journalist and even a doctor or a lawyer has many opportunities for capitalizing musical ability, and for a salesman of any kind such a social asset is obviously invaluable.

Aside from the direct significance of musical training for any teacher in the public and private schools of America (and for the young college graduate such teaching frequently offers the most pleasant and profitable immediate experience) there is still a big field for the specialist in music, even where performing ability is limited. The small towns of America need good music teachers, and if they do not insist upon crowding into the big cities, there should be plenty of work for all who have such gifts and inclinations.

On the managerial and journalistic side of music there is also room for some young people of musical enthusiasm and ability. Music critics are created by accident as a rule, but many a local newspaper welcomes a reporter who can at least write an intelligent account of a concert.

Musical management has recently become concentrated largely in the two great broadcasting systems of America, — the National and Columbia, the latter now controlling a merger of the most important concert bureaus of the country. It is perhaps significant that the Eastern field manager of Columbia's Community Concert Service is a young man who a few years ago was directing the tours of the Florida University Glee Club. A salesman of musical attractions has as good a chance to make a living as the salesman of any other comparative luxury. He might do better with such necessities as cigarettes and chewing gum, to be sure, but certainly the distribution of music is less of a routine job.

The music publishing business is not in a particularly healthy condition, and the manufacturers and sellers of pianos and other musical goods are not uttering shouts of enthusiasm at present, but these activities are working toward a solid future and they will always have a place for young people of ability, personality and musical intelligence.

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So there is no reason why any youngster of musical talent and training should consider these assets as wasted. They can be practically applied in many ways, either as an avocation or in the actual profession of music.

The writer has recently introduced, in a national broadcast of piano instruction, known as "Keys to Happiness," a number of distinguished amateurs whose success in life unquestionably owed something to the fun that they derived from their music. Among them were John Erskine, writer, "Casey" Jones, aviator, Montague Glass, humorist, Kenneth Murchison, architect, Newman Levy, lawyer, and Peter Arno, cartoonist. He sincerely believes that his own life has been largely governed by an enthusiasm for music, but thanks whatever gods there be that he was never seriously tempted to become a professional musician. After all, it is only personal experience that gives us a final answer to our problems.

Aviation

By Richard F. Hoyt

Chairman of the Board, Curtiss-Wright Corporation

To the college man or woman in search of a vocation, the aviation industry offers many unique and interesting potentialities. First, it is a comparatively new industry, for, while the flying machine was invented over twenty-five years ago, it was not developed commercially until after the War, and it has only been operated on a commercial basis for the last four or five years. Many of the personnel conducting the various aeronautical activities are consequently young and are, therefore, sympathetic to the young college graduate who desires to break into the business.

Because of its many phases, aviation offers a wide range of choice, so that with a little study the individual can follow that branch which most suits his particular talents. For instance, in the manufacture of the modern airplane something over one hundred and twenty various trades are employed, and production parallels very closely that in other automotive fields. In addition to the mechanical trades themselves, a great number of men are needed for various executive positions, such as purchasing, inspection, cost accounting, production and other branches common to all manufacturing.

The aeronautical engineering field offers limitless possibilities to that type of individual to whom engineering appeals. This naturally requires technical training which is

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now obtainable in many of our colleges. At present the industry is recruiting its young engineers from these graduates, and possibly the field of research in aeronautics presents a broader opportunity for initiative and inventiveness than any other of our modern industries.

THE great merchandizing field is as yet practically untouched. Up to 1930 there have been comparatively few privately owned airplanes, and the next ten years will see tremendous growth in this particular branch of the business. Recent developments are largely responsible for this prediction. First, the design of the airplane has been improved to such an extent that it is comparatively easy to fly with a steadily increasing safety factor; and second, the cost has been greatly reduced. Already we find on the market for 1931 a number of light airplanes similar to the Curtiss-Wright Junior, which sells for under $1,500, can be operated out of a very limited space, and costs less to run than the average-priced automobile. Certainly it is very little pleasure to drive an automobile, particularly at weekends, because of the congested traffic conditions generally prevalent throughout the country. This fact has been one of the prime causes for the tremendous increase in the motor boat industry during the last few years, and there is every reason to think that the private airplane market will be increased along similar lines. Many fortunes have been made by distributors of automobiles who were farsighted enough to see the potentialities of the automobile. Similar fortunes will be made in the merchandizing of aircraft.

Finally there is the so-called operating field, which is already starting to parallel the set-up of our great railroad systems. Aviation is transportation, and will be used to supplement all of the existing methods of transportation, both by land and water. In the operating field alone there is a tremendous range of opportunity. The running of a modern airport is a business in itself, and there are over 1,700 listed airports in the United States today, many of them costing several million dollars. At a modern airport, in addition to the executives, will be found a mechanical force for keeping the planes in condition, and at some fields facilities are maintained for practically rebuilding machines and motors. The field runways and buildings must be maintained, the lighting equipment operated and kept in good order; radio facilities for communication between ships in the air and stations must be provided. Gasoline, oil and all sorts of supplies are sold on a large scale. Facilities are available for the convenience and entertainment of the public. Restaurants and concessions of all kinds will be found a part of the equipment of these modern landing fields.

THE operation of an airplane in itself has become a business which closely parallels that of other transportation systems, requiring a large operating personnel of pilots, mechanics, radio operators, meteorologists, traffic men — a small army in themselves.

Besides these schedule operations there are also numerous other uses to which the airplane is being put.

The field of aerial photography is

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rapidly being exploited. Thousands of square miles are mapped from the air, at a tremendous saving in time and money. Schools, charter services, dusting operations, timber cruising and a host of other uses are proving economically sound. Thus it will be seen that somewhere in this widely diversified industry a particular niche exists for practically any type of personality.

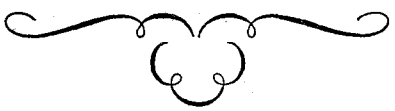
Finally, aviation offers a particularly romantic appeal to the younger generation. It was this that caused the cream of the college men to enlist in aviation during the war, and even today more West Point graduates apply for admission to the Air Corps than to all the other branches of the service combined.

It is perhaps unfortunate that so much that has been written about aviation has been more or less of a sensational character. The various trans-oceanic flights, speed records, altitude records, endurance records, even accidents, are the events about which we read. This featuring of the sensational side of aviation has tended to create the impression that it is a sort of circus business and the industry itself has suffered by this. Everyone knows that Lindbergh flew the Atlantic alone, but comparatively few people realize that mail, passengers and express, over regularly operated lines in the United States, travel over 120,000 miles each twenty-four hours; that over 400,000 people travelled over these lines in 1930, and more than eight million pounds of mail and three hundred thousand pounds of express were carried.

The recent business depression has caused the entire aviation industry to put its house in order, and to operate on sound economic principles, so that conditions are better than ever before.

Prophecies are dangerous, but there is little question but that aviation in all its branches will show steady increase during the next five years.

The features which make aviation as an industry attractive also make it highly competitive. Therefore it should not be entered lightly, but with a full understanding that to succeed requires every ounce of intelligence, application and courage.



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Advertising

By Roy S. Durstine

Of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, Inc.

A lot of young men and women will probably walk out of colleges this spring, look about them, yawn once or twice, and then remark:

"Well, I guess I'll go into the advertising game."

And they will be surprised when somebody asks:

"Why do you want to go into advertising?"

They hadn't thought, exactly. They had a general idea that it was something they could do without much preparation. They had heard that people made money out of advertising, somehow. And — oh, yes — they had been pretty close students of the advertising pages and were sure they could do better than some of the people who made up some of those advertisements.

A smaller, and wiser, number will want to go into the advertising business — and if it is a game, then so is banking, engineering, the law or medicine — because they have found out about it and honestly believe that they are fitted for it.

These words are being set down in a sincere effort to discourage one group and to offer the other a picture which may be so disheartening and baffling that advertising will seem to be the one business on earth worth tackling. To the right ones, that is the way it will appear if this explanation really explains.

Garibaldi offered his followers a pretty hard time of it. He told them that if they deserted and went back home they could live in ease; that hardships and hunger and cold and a few other inconveniences would be theirs if they followed him. So they followed him.

Well, that's the way this explanation is going to try to give the whole dismal, exciting, frank, discouraging, delightful picture.

Usually when a person speaks of advertising he means the preparation of advertisements. That occurs in offices which are called advertising agencies. It is that part of the advertising business that will be described, with something of the unsuspected things that happen before an advertisement gets itself produced and something of the day-to-day events that precede, accompany and follow the actual preparation.

Of course there are other phases of the advertising business — the selling of space in magazines and newspapers and trade papers, on billboards and in street cars and buses (and now in taxicabs!), the selling of time on the air and even of advertising films to be shown in regular movie houses at so much for each

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thousand of paid admissions; the selling of displays for windows and counters in stores, of circulars and other printed messages sent by mail. There are the advertisers' own advertising departments where some of the most brilliant people in advertising concern themselves with matters that affect the advertising of just one advertiser; where they take a great part in molding the policies of their company, act as critics and watchdogs and as an inspiration in the work of their agencies.

There are several hundred advertising agencies in this country and they range in size from a small group to organizations of several hundred people.

IT IS doubtful if there are any other types of business in which so many men and women of college training are gathered under one roof. In one organization of this type there are considerably more than a hundred who have degrees from colleges in almost every state in the union.

What kind of people are they, what were they like in college and what do they do now?

Suppose we examine a few of them.

Here is a young woman who was graduated from a Middle-Western university about fifteen years ago. She took an A.B. degree, did lots of work in the library, later took a special course as a librarian, had one or two jobs in commercial research work and is now helping to run a department which answers thousands of questions a week — from finding the best color for a package to sell in China to telling how much it costs a manufacturer to provide his salesmen with automobiles.

Over there is a Harvard man who edited the Lampoon and wrote music for Hasty Pudding shows ten years ago. He just barely got his degree. Today he can put more style into a series of advertisements for something which men wear than anybody in the country and he can figure out a plan that will put that merchandise in the windows of the most desirable stores from coast to coast.

In that office is a quiet, humorous native of Michigan who went to another Eastern university, now has five children, is slightly bald, never seems in a hurry, always has the knack of fitting into any situation comfortably and never seems tiresome. He is a smoother-out of other people's troubles. He makes quite a lot of money.

This girl worked on a newspaper, after her college course in the South, was on the stage for a little while, has never married, knows how to tell women to use a new lip-stick, make a new salad, or take to their hearts a new angle for their hats.

THIS man was business manager of almost everything in college. He worked his way through, nearly twenty years ago. He can listen to a complicated story of a business, write a questionnaire to guide field reporters in ringing door-bells in sixteen States and then sort out a thousand details, organize the work to be done, write a merchandizing plan and tell a group of writers and artists what he wants the advertising to say and how it must look. He is a valuable person. He never carries anything in his head. He writes things down.

That Far-Western young gentle-

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man who always comes in late was in the office until half past twelve last night. He was finishing a series of advertisements on an idea which came to him rather suddenly one night at the movies after he had spent most of a week reading six reference books and walking four miles a day through a manufacturing plant. He used to oversleep chapel when he was an undergraduate but it annoyed him that people were surprised when he made Phi Beta Kappa. He is thirty-six, looks sixteen and has a wife who believes in budgets.

Not many doors away is a dreamy youngster who never had good marks in college because he always had tunes running through his head when he was in class. He was frequently called up for lateness and absences. Every night, now, he is in the broadcasting studios until all hours, but he is nearly always at his desk at 8:30 every morning, planning radio programmes about nine weeks ahead. He just happens to be doing what he would rather do than anything else in the world.

Is there room for the individualist? *Is* there?

But all of the work of the advertising agency cannot be creative. Behind the finished advertisement is the work that lays the foundation.

A manufacturer selects a certain agency. Within the agency a group of people is selected to bear the chief responsibility for the agency's work. This group hears the story of the business. It assembles its information and decides what else it must get.

Perhaps a field survey is wanted. The Marketing Department organizes the survey. It sends reporters to call on dozens or hundreds or even thousands of housewives and storekeepers. It may interview doctors or architects or engineers or nurses or school-teachers. It draws on its own basic material in charts and maps and statistics. It analyzes the reports of its field men. It prepares a summary of the comments of those interviewed, adds its analysis and cross-analysis and writes its recommendations.

The group studying the subject takes all this and molds it into a plan and a set of recommendations.

Part of all this is plain selling ideas, part of it is a theme for the story to be told to the public and to the storekeepers. Part of it is the written advertisements with a rough series of drawings to show how they will look.

And after all this is done, sometimes the advertiser just decides he doesn't like any of it and the whole thing has to be done over again — and again — and again. After all, it is the advertiser's money and he has the final power of approval. After all, too, advertising is not the only creative occupation in which the person doing the creating is in the power of his patron's discretion. People have been known to disregard the advice of a doctor, to refuse to let a lawyer try the case in his own way, even to refuse to accept the finished effort of a portrait painter. Advertising is still so young in the professional sense, scarcely a generation old, that it is not strange that it should be unable to have all its recommendations followed, particularly when the older

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occupations dealing in the giving of advice cannot honestly be said to have a perfect record even after three or four thousand years.

But it is making progress. More and more the advertiser is asking for the composite judgment of his agency and is leaning upon it to a greater and greater extent even though the preparation of advertising is often among those things for which any man feels that he has a Heaven-sent gift.

Once under way, an advertising programme is never finished. If a man sells a block of bonds he has made a sale. He collects his commissions and goes on to the next sale. In the service of an advertising account the part that appears in print is only the surface indication of countless small and large tasks which cover almost every phase of the advertiser's business, from the making of the product itself to the discussions of the major policies with the head of the business. It runs through a grasp of technical subjects, a sense of design, and ability in writing, a knowledge of circulation methods of periodicals, of selling plans, of distribution systems, of potential markets, of corporation finances, of the laws of copyright and patents — everything, in short, that any executive in the company of any of its clients may have to decide.

The other day a young man came into an advertising agency to ask for a job. He was a lawyer employed by one of the best known firms in a large Eastern city. "My father was a corporation lawyer thirty years ago," he said. "At that time the law was closer to the heart of American business than any other occupation. But the work of putting together the big companies no longer offers the chance for creative thinking that it did a generation ago. I have looked up and down the whole list of activities which a young American can spend his life in. And I am convinced that the way to touch American business at the greatest number of points, to be at the very heart of it today, is in an advertising agency. That's why I want this job."

Research

By T. Swann Harding

Laboratory worker and author of scientific books

The drought having been broken, spring freshets are in order. We are just about in for our annual deluge of doctors of philosophy and graduates of lesser orders of alphabetical distinction. Twenty years ago I formed part of such a spring freshet myself. I emerged from college with a degree of bachelor of science in agricultural chemistry, and master of certain simple vocational technics that would enable me to make a living analyzing feeds and fertilizers. Al-

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though I had gone through the motions requisite to the production of a "thesis," I had no more idea how to perform research than I did of the current traffic rules prevailing in Heaven. So emphatically had I been told things, and so impregnated was I with the idea that I must follow cookbook rules, that it took four years of sarcasm and profanity on the part of one of the best research workers in the country, to drill the fact into my head that new knowledge was discovered by breaking rules and trying to understand what happened as a result.

TODAY, I am told by competent spies, the colleges and the universities still have their courses packed with educational deadwood. They are still inculcating "correct" beliefs dogmatically, instead of evoking in the minds of the young a realization of man's place in the universe as it is now known to science, and an ability to make successful and intelligent adjustments to environmental factors. So long as the aim of education is so largely to tell students what is "right," rather than to stimulate them to search out and find for themselves what is right, so long doctors of philosophy and mere graduates will face the world of reality only partially equipped for life's struggle.

Some institutions of learning have, of course, cut this deadwood. But they have predominantly compensated for its absence by replacing it with something still more dubious — in short, with a vocational training so specific and so highly specialized that the industries have recently been heard in protest. Whereas today industry needs more than ever research workers of general intelligence who can apply that intelligence in a broad way to problems which often lie on the border between two sciences, the university product supplied to them is so narrowly trained, in technics which have been displaced in industry itself by the time they graduate, that breadth of intelligence has been obliterated in the process. Today an industrial problem may lead almost anywhere; it may start with the chemistry of steel, jump to physics, and require a knowledge of mineralogy and bacteriology before you know it. Yet in their efforts to serve industry an oversupply of the product they misguidedly think industry requires, the universities have often so narrowly trained their graduates that they are worse than useless. Deprived of the opportunity to utilize the specific motions in which they were instructed, they find themselves too deficient in the broad general principles of knowledge to make themselves useful to commercial enterprise.

THE situation in pure research is just as bad as that in industrial research. Progress is being made in those borderland regions where chemistry and biology meet in biological chemistry, where chemistry and physics meet in physical chemistry, and where chemistry and engineering meet in mathematics. In order successfully to perform research under conditions obtaining today, the graduate must be trained in languages and in mathematics as well as in a variety of sciences. For the relation between compartmental-

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ized sciences is the thing of paramount importance today. The various sciences have too long been filed away in separate buildings and treated as separate departments. The very pace of industrial and scientific life today demands that the relationships between the sciences be considered most carefully and that, above all, the social and economic impacts of science upon life as a whole be not disregarded.

So long has the superstition been prevalent that any aspirant who manages to secure a degree of doctor of philosophy is *per se* a good teacher or a good research worker, that today administrative officers who supervise the employment of research workers regard a Ph.D. twice with very close scrutiny: once to determine that the individual actually has the degree, looks to the contrary notwithstanding; and a second time to determine that the individual really has thorough training and the broad curiosity — the intellectual *élan* — that go to make up a true research worker. For there is no doubt whatever that the market is oversupplied with sterile mediocrities, who have been carefully minted and molded into the shape and form of doctors of philosophy, but whose brains have gracefully retired into some subterranean rabbit hole upon the achievement of their high degree, and who are entirely incapable of adding successfully to the sum total of human knowledge. Many are called but few are really "chosen," and both public and private laboratories are full of individuals struggling to perform "research" when they would have made really successful routine analytical workers, or perhaps were divinely ordained for some other vocation remote from science altogether.

The market for the university product of graduates is of three types: (1) The institutions maintained by State and National Governments; (2) privately endowed foundations of research; (3) industrial research. There are constantly openings for gifted individuals in all three, but it becomes increasingly difficult for the narrowly or deficiently trained, or the mediocre, to make a place for themselves.

In choosing his sphere of activity the gifted individual must consider carefully what he wants to do. (I use the pronoun "he," understanding perfectly well that "she" is often involved, that many of our best research workers today are women, and that the old-fashioned prejudice against scientific careers for women is fortunately disappearing.) In any case the individual lives in an acquisitive society, and in what is called a "profit economy," where a rather ruthless sort of individualistic competition ultimately determines his monetary reward. If he enters industry he will make more or less direct contact with this profit motive.

This does not mean that every industry will immediately require him to make a profit. Many industries, particularly some of the larger ones, actually do support research workers who do practically what they please — although the fact is inescapable that the bagman can usually pick up enough scraps from a first class research worker's labora-

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tory to make this sort of thing a profitable commercial investment. However, in very many cases, the research worker is not only placed under rather direct pressure to produce profitable results, but in very many he is really compelled to stultify his highest ethical principles in order to retain his job. I speak here not only from direct personal experience but from the experience of many friends. In any case the research worker who enters industry can never be very sure when the low ethics of acquisitiveness will begin to menace him, and may make his situation so uncomfortable that he cannot retain both his position and his self-respect. He may then enter a private foundation or undertake state work. In either case he has not succeeded in making himself absolutely immune from the threats of interference from profit economy. It would be wrong to think so.

INDUSTRIAL concerns, when they dabble in pure research, do so ultimately for their own profitable ends. This research is paid for by the general public in infinitesimal additions made to the prices of various commodities, for research goes into the "overhead," and the overhead must be financed. If the public wants to pay for the performance of pure research it seems far better that it should do so by taxation. Exactly that has been done by the establishment of research laboratories in the services of the Federal and the State Governments. Here the prospective research worker will find a relatively cloistered haven of rest from the rigors of a harsh social and economic life. But he may as well remember that we still possess a political government, adapted to the age of George Washington, rather than a functional, scientific government adapted to our own age. This means that every now and then his security will be menaced more or less subtly by certain financial interests working through political means to the injury of science and the consequent inhibition of scientific progress. For in entering research the worker has dedicated himself to the pursuit of truth, a most hazardous hunt at best, and has bound himself to acknowledge the facts, however unpleasant they may be. In spite of all this I believe I can honestly say that certain Government and State laboratories do today offer the individual a surprisingly good situation, quite immune from political and economic distresses and uncertainties, and calculated — by offering just this security — to bring out the best that is in a man.

SOMETIMES when certain individuals have accumulated large fortunes in commercial pursuits they devote part of the money to private foundations of research. At other times they may even supply money to the National Research Council or to other bodies which give guidance and direction to research. So far as personal investigation has permitted me to know anything at all of the work carried on by foundations in the realm of physical and natural science, I believe I can honestly say that such institutions sometimes offer the worker even better protection from the impacts of political and economic injustice than Government and State work. The money is invested

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in research with no strings attached. There is no effort to direct research into profitable channels or to pervert the stream of what Veblen so aptly called the "idle curiosity" of the pure scientist. The results of this research are given freely to the public.

On the other hand the abstract question whether it is socially advantageous to finance research by private endowment, or to permit industrial firms to buy the right of ownership in so much pure knowledge, when we might do better by financing all research governmentally, might be argued at length. Certainly it appears that aspects of modern financial psychology might, with deadly subtlety, permeate the work of a foundation or a research council even in pure science, and that workers might become loth to bring to light facts inimical to the estate of their benefactors. In any case this is a philosophical question and the position of the young graduate entering such research is undeniably a preferred one, if he feels disposed to escape the evils of profit economy as far as possible.

These reflections are drawn from personal experience and it would make me feel entirely too aged to continue further. I cannot close, however, without once more emphasizing the tremendous importance at present of considering well both the relationships between hitherto separate sciences and, more particularly still, the social and economic significance of findings in pure science. So far we have gone ahead rather too blindly, blundering heedlessly into a menacing mechanism which, true enough, has saved labor, but at the expense of "technological employment" and widespread poverty. Science is in large measure responsible for the social and economic abuse of the gifts it has so communistically showered upon mankind. Let it be hoped that some individual molecules in the current spring freshets from the mountains of learning will devote themselves to the problem of devising a planned civilization that will rest more securely upon the foundations of science than ours has in the past.

The Theatre

By Brock Pemberton

Theatrical producer

If the dollar is still the only reliable measure of success — and don't any of you young things whom we salute as you are about to live be deceived by baccalaureate words to the contrary — the theatre presents you a promising field. Its financial rewards may have been easier and surer in the era which came to a close soon after the war, but for the bright actor, author, director or producer they were never

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more spectacular than they are now.

The province of the theatre is not to teach but to entertain. This was more easily done in the last century when life was less swift. Motors on wheels, in the air, and in motion picture booths have destroyed much of the humdrum monotony of existence. They have given wings to thoughts and so have furnished keen competition to the theatre, which formerly had a virtual monopoly on lifting people out of themselves. It is still possible to weave the magic spell but it requires more skill to make those in the darkened auditorium forget because there is more to forget.

The compensation is that the reward to him who succeeds is greater than ever before. As in all refining processes the finished product, being more rare and pure, becomes more valuable. Thus it comes about that the successful play, which generally is the best play of its kind, hasn't seats enough for those who would see it, while the failure can't find an audience.

THE other important contributing factor to this heightening of rewards is the talkie. The silent motion picture had little to do with the drama. Its technique was the rambling, disjointed, narrative method of the short story or novel. Generally the poorest plays became the best movies because the unity that makes for drama in the well-knit play robbed the photoplay of the multiplicity of scenes it was supposed to need.

When the movie-makers gave the screen a voice they destroyed with one stroke their efforts of a quarter of a century to create a new medium. As far as I am concerned they destroyed little, for only in rare instances did they create anything of real merit. If anyone believes the talkie is a fad which in turn will be replaced by the silent photoplay it destroyed, he is either an ex-movie star or a sentimentalist.

AFTER the first feeble films when the screen was learning to talk the movie people began to realize what keener observers foresaw from the beginning: that the more nearly a talkie approximated a well-written play the more interesting it became. Gradually, as the makers become more skillful in the new medium, the narrative form of the silent picture is giving way in the talkie to the cohesive dramatic structure of the spoken drama.

The result is that the making of talking pictures demands all the knowledge and skill acquired by those who have labored in the theatre. Since the financial resources of the cinema know no bounds, it being a universal industry, the amounts it can afford to pay for material and talent are fabulous. A premium then rests on the head of every one in the theatre. Actors are snatched from their first parts at salaries that stagger, successful plays are bid for until the purchase price becomes a small fortune, dramatists and directors fill in the figures for their own salaries.

These high monetary returns are only for those who succeed. Failure in the theatre is just as unpalatable as in any other endeavor and generally more tragic. Like all spheres it is full of misfits and it seems super-

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fluous to warn those who have no aptitude for it away from its doors. Likewise it should be gratuitous to add that only those who love the theatre should seek to serve it.

But if you do love it and if you believe your talents lie in that direction, the theatre offers you unlimited material and spiritual compensation. And don't let anyone tell you the theatre is not important. It is just as important to be concerned with the creation of a play that brings happiness to thousands as it is to make a mousetrap, build a bridge, grow spinach or sell stocks.

As our final report cards in the Emporia (Kansas) Public Schools used to proclaim: "You have reached another milestone; accept our congratulations." If any of you care to help set up milestones in the theatre, we greybeards salute you.

Journalism

By Carl W. Ackerman

Dean-elect of the School of Journalism at Columbia University

The years of opportunism in the publishing business are ended. The days when newspaper and magazine work was a merry-go-round of interesting assignments are gone forever. Journalism today is a complex, competitive business and an earnest, exacting profession. It is built upon ideas and is dependent upon public confidence. It demands organization efficiency. It needs individual proficiency and only those men and women who have the will and the equipment to carry increasing responsibilities will share in the future progress of the press.

The approach of a college graduate to a career in journalism should be predicated upon an understanding of these fundamentals.

The worker on a newspaper or magazine today has a dual responsibility, first to the public and secondly to the individual publication. The public responsibility arises from the function of the press to seek, to report, to interpret and to distribute news and facts essential to our common welfare. To the degree that this work is done accurately, adequately and intelligently varies the success of the individual publication. Therein lies the journalist's responsibility to his employer and his opportunity for personal distinction.

Among the wide variety of newspapers and magazines published in this country, with a total daily circulation in excess of 45,000,000 copies, one may find every conceivable form of public and private information seeking reader recognition and every aspiration of the human race seeking a following. To the State, the Church, the home, the

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school; to business, banking and science, journalism is the medium of understanding. Although privately financed and managed, the press is serving all of these institutions as impartially and independently as is humanly possible. In fact, there is wider editorial latitude and broader political and social liberality in the press today than ever before.

If there are college men or women who doubt the possibilities of responsible careers in this broad field of human endeavor, they will do well to accept Delane's advice to a sophisticated Constantinople correspondent of *The Times:* "Pray undeceive yourself."

Speaking at the Annual Dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund in London, May 21, 1898, Sir Henry Irving gave a general reply to the specific inquiry of the Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which is still applicable today. "I suppose there is no profession," he said, "which makes such heavy calls upon the bodily and mental vigor of its servants as the profession of the journalist. . . . Whoever is content with the ideas of yesterday, the journalist must be equipped with the ideas of tomorrow."

Obviously "the ideas of tomorrow" are difficult to define. With the whole world passing through a period of new orientation, college men and women should expect to enter all businesses and all professions with the knowledge that they will change in size, in character and in usefulness. Certainly, journalism is not in the final stages of its development. Its ultimate relationship to the motion picture, to the radio, to television and to other scientific developments is in process of formation. Its relationship to business, to advertising, to religion and to government is subject to the changing psychology of the nation. But the one thing journalism has in common with all human activities is the urge to progress. Those individuals who are willing to assume their share of the responsibility of journalism to understand, interpret and express this "urge"; who can help journalism clarify and crystallize "the ideas of tomorrow" in action, will grace a great profession and a growing business and receive adequate recognition and reward.

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Medicine

By Samuel W. Lambert

Distinguished diagnostician and consultant, former Dean of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia

Most students of medicine have made up their minds to adopt a medical career long before graduation from college. It is wise that this is the fact, for the study leading to a medical degree requires at least five years. The work in the medical school itself requires four years, and at least one year of preliminary work is necessary in physics, in chemistry and in biology. The State demands further of every applicant for its licensure examination that he or she shall have had a hospital training as interne of at least one year's duration.

From the above it is evident that every graduate of a college of arts or sciences must devote five calendar years to his medical education before the State will permit him to assume the responsibility of caring for its sick and injured citizens. The requirement of such an education is undoubtedly an asset to the State. It is to the student, if not a disadvantage, at least a liability, for it immediately handicaps the prospective physician by requiring a delay of five years after his preliminary college course before he can think of being able to begin to make himself financially independent in his chosen work. It is possible for all students, even those of average mentality, to save a year from the time required by combining undergraduate and medical education in those universities which permit the student to count his first year in medical school as the final year of his work for his bachelor's degree; and most students, if permitted to claim credit for work done during the summer vacations, could save easily another twelve months' time out of the four year curriculum. Many students employ their annual summer vacations by doing special work in hospitals, and are able to take extra curriculum studies during term time. As soon as any student becomes absorbed in the pursuit of medical knowledge, the study has an enticing way of attracting him to undertake additional work to add to his knowledge and experience.

After securing the degree of doctor, having spent a year of experience as an interne in a hospital, and after becoming licensed to practice in the State, the young physician has to decide upon the special career in which he will aim to carry on. Specialism in medicine is becoming more and more a complicated problem both for the State and for the individual. Every licensed practitioner is supposed to be qualified to

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assume the responsibilities of a general practitioner or family physician. He must have a sufficient knowledge of the specialties of medicine for him to recognize the diseases of individual organs, and those of the functional systems of the body in order that he may know that the services of a specialist are required. The State has not concerned itself in the training of specialists, but the profession is taking an important interest in this product of modern medicine. To be a recognized specialist a physician should spend at least two, and better, three or more years in a hospital devoted to the particular line of work in which he expects to spend his life.

THESE necessary requirements in securing a proper education become on analysis a distinct financial disadvantage. The cost has been investigated recently by Dr. R. G. Leland of Chicago. He estimates that the average expenditure is somewhat over $1,100 per year, which sum includes living expenses as well as tuition fees. The medical student at the beginning of his career must see his way clear to finance his education for five years, if he is to go through it with peace of mind and with time to fulfill the daily tasks required of him. It has been one of the valued traditions of the profession that young men of limited means could secure an education in medicine. Many a leading doctor has supported himself and paid for a medical education, and this can still be done, but students who are compelled to support themselves may be forced to give more time to their education than the required minimum. Extra financial help can be secured from work as attendants on chronic invalids, as tutors to backward youths or from scholarships.

It is becoming more and more difficult for young physicians, upon leaving a hospital, to establish themselves in any locality, or in any particular service. Many will ally themselves as assistant or associate with an older man, and work gradually in this way into practice either as a specialist or as a general practitioner. Many will start at once on an independent career.

THERE are three principal directions in which physicians may select a career. The modern development of medical knowledge and practice has pointed out a new line of work which is largely of an executive character. The boards of health of the larger cities have always demanded the directing head of some physician who has specialized in the problems of the control of contagion, the diagnosis and treatment of infectious diseases and the manufacture of antitoxic serum. The earliest laboratories were founded in New York City, and similar institutes have been organized and adopted by most of the large cities of the United States. The smaller towns have been served by a similar institution under State control, usually located at the State capital. Physicians who have a desire to devote themselves to a scientific career have found these governmental laboratories a field for their professional activities and work, and many foundations of large means are interested in the problems of public health, and require the services of physicians both as executive

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officers and as scientific investigators. Under the stimulus of industrial insurance the larger manufacturing and commercial institutions have established medical departments which will attract a number of physicians in the early period of their careers. All medical colleges also offer opportunities for scientific research in their laboratories to the teachers and professors of their undergraduate medical schools, and many large hospitals, even those which are not teaching institutions, do the same. The subdivisions of the profession into family physicians, and specialists in internal medicine, in surgery and in surgical specialties will still attract the majority of recent medical graduates.

NO ONE should enter the profession of medicine with the idea of becoming rich. The research worker is paid a salary which will be sufficient to support an unmarried man in comfort without luxury; his future is a teaching position or a professorship, the salary for which is on a par with that of other teachers and professors in university work. The financial position of the physician who devotes himself to public health work in the employ of the State, city or other political division is on a par with that of the professors in the universities. The practicing physician's income depends upon the community in which he elects to serve. The income of a specialist in large urban centres is greater than that of a family physician or a general practitioner in the same neighborhood.

A great deal has been written lately concerning the cost of medical care. The authors, whether lay or professional, have been critical of the professional charges which have been asked of the earners of moderate-sized incomes. In general, the charges for surgical and other special work and for general family practice are more or less regulated by the custom of different communities. There is no regulated standard by which all the profession can be governed. Professional fees have always been based upon a varying scale in order that the maximum might be paid by the rich, while the poor paid less or nothing, whether they were treated in a hospital or in their homes. It is good ethics for a physician to maintain a maximum fee, and to reduce it for those who are less fortunate financially. It is not good practice to increase medical fees excessively for the very rich.

THE medical profession has not been entirely free from accusations of commercialism. The temptations are very real, and have been developed by the unfortunate addition of certain laws to the burden of hysterical and hypocritical reforms which this country has undertaken to carry, and by an infection of the profession with something of the habit of graft which has infected all mankind. These errors of conduct are limited to a minority of the physicians of the country. The leaders of the profession are attempting to control and overcome these tendencies, which are breaking out in such pernicious methods as fee-splitting, unnecessary treatments with well-advertised new remedies and methods which are of very doubtful value. There is room in the profession for additional

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numbers, and every member of the profession will always welcome honest, earnest physicians as his associates.

THE younger physicians must accept the existence in the community of the irregular practitioners of the various cults of more or less fantastic cures and medical methods with whom he will find himself in more or less serious competition. They present no special threat to the welfare of the physician, but they form a distinct menace to the public health, and to the individual invalid to whom they "bootleg" false medicine and sell deceitful treatments. Human frailty will embrace and cling to the most fantastic claims of a glib talker. Quackery is looked upon as the field for the ignorant and uneducated faker, but the science of medicine is so incomplete that fraudulent claims are constantly being advanced even within the ranks of the profession itself by self-deceived as well as by unscrupulous doctors of medicine. Among such frauds one can recall the recent methods of diagnosis originating in California which exploited the introduction of alleged vibratory reactions obtained by a special machine from a single drop of blood. It was claimed that this machine could not only diagnosticate all diseases but cure them, — cancer included. This particular fad or fancy has largely died out but it tempts one to paraphrase Virgil, and exclaim:

"I am afraid of California even though bearing gifts."

The medical profession has taken upon itself the task of protecting the community from the ignorant and harmful practitioners of these false cults or alleged schools of medical practice. The profession believes this is right and a duty to the public. Often the only result is vituperation and accusations of jealousy and self-interest. Every year more than one attempt is made to let down the bars of the educational requirements in various States, and to admit to practice many healers of some exclusive cult who are woefully ignorant of the structure and of the chemical, mechanical and vital functions of the human body.

THE profession is anxious to welcome to its ranks all courageous, earnest workers who will take an interest in the welfare and public health of the community as well as in their personal patients, and who, by example and active work, will uphold the traditions of the profession. The advantages of a medical career are to be found in the character of medicine itself. No study is more interesting, whether carried on in laboratory work of a board of health or of a university, or in service in connection with public health work, or in a hospital and at the bedside. Medicine is not an exact science, and it is far from being a completed science. It offers a fascinating opportunity for study of normal and pathological physiology of the human body and of the psychology, both normal and diseased, of the human mind. Every physician has the opportunity to add to the present-day incomplete knowledge of the diseases of the individual, and of the epidemics and contagions which periodically attack the human race. Medicine offers a career of intensive work and

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of service to fellow human beings who are in trouble. Success in it will depend on two factors: the personality of the individual and his capacity for work. A career in medicine is ended only by the death of each physician, for no man can learn all that is to be known in this science, and every man who is properly qualified can find an interest in the study of medicine and a satisfaction in his personal work which are offered in greater degree by no other occupation or profession.

Farming

By F. D. Farrell

President of Kansas State Agricultural College

Young men just out of college often are afflicted with a sort of myopia. They seem unable or unwilling to see into any part of the future except that immediately before them. This fact helps to account for many unwise decisions involving the selection of careers. Too many young men base their decisions upon what the first few years following graduation are expected to bring forth. This basis of selection probably is unsound for any profession or business that is worth while. It certainly is unsound for farming. To the young man whose time in that career is limited to five or ten years, farming offers little except a gambler's chance for moderate financial gain and a strong probability of keen disappointment. One of the first things to be learned by a young man who considers entering this career is that farming is a life job.

It is incorrect to think of the word farming as descriptive of a single occupation having one fixed set of requirements, opportunities and difficulties. Farming is subdivided into many occupations having different characteristics and appealing to different temperaments. The word farmer is perhaps no less general than the word merchant. Just as the latter applies to a John Wanamaker, to the owner of a diminutive specialty store, and to the operators of scores of types of mercantile enterprises between these two extremes, so the word farmer applies to the operator of a highly diversified ten-thousand-acre farm, to the man who operates a two-acre chicken ranch and to men engaged in scores of types of farming enterprises in between.

Mr. Thomas Campbell with his thirty or forty thousand acres of wheat and flax in Montana; Mr. Albert Weaver with his Kansas farm producing annually one hundred thousand bushels of wheat and a

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train load of potatoes; Mr. H. W. Jeffers with his twelve-hundred-cow dairy farm in New Jersey; Mr. Eugene Funk growing a thousand acres or more of corn each year in Illinois; Mr. Dan Casement, on his Juniata Farm in Kansas, producing successfully Hereford cattle, two breeds of pigs, Hampshire sheep and polo ponies and operating a profitable dairy of Ayrshire cattle, and, in addition, owning a large cattle ranch in Colorado and a small dairy and sheep farm near Cleveland; Mr. Jesse Harper, predecessor of the late Knute Rockne as football coach at Notre Dame, managing a large cattle enterprise in southwestern Kansas, — these and many others like them represent a wide variety of large agricultural enterprises to which the term farming properly applies.

And when we consider the smaller enterprises, we find even greater variety. At Petaluma, California, a farm of forty acres is considered large and every farmer produces virtually nothing but chickens. At Wenatchee, Washington, all the farms are small and produce little but apples. In one community in Saint Joseph County, Indiana, the farmers depend on the peppermint crop, but in a near-by community in the same county chief reliance is placed in dairy cows. In Aroostook County, Maine, potatoes are the dominant farm crop. In a little community in Yakima Valley, Washington, the farmers depend chiefly upon hops. In the Kaw Valley of Kansas there are farmers depending about equally upon apples, potatoes and dairy cows, and some of them include a field of wheat and a patch of strawberries for good measure.

The existence of endless variety is so impressive and, in considering farming as a career, so important that one finds it difficult not to labor the point. There is variety based on size of farm, on location, on markets, on the seasonal distribution of the farm labor requirement, even on the farmer's sense of humor. A man may operate a bonanza wheat farm or cattle or sheep ranch or he may operate a small commercial bulb garden or a mushroom cave — and still be a farmer. He may specialize upon one or two products or diversify with five or ten. He may center his interest in plant products or in animal products or he may include both, as most farmers do. His farm may be on a street car line near a city or it may be in a remote mountain valley without a neighbor in sight.

Nobody should take up farming as a career solely or even primarily for the purpose of becoming wealthy. While good farming usually assures a comfortable livelihood, it seldom brings the farmer financial wealth comparable to that amassed by successful men engaged in manufacture, merchandizing, transportation or finance, or in the medical and legal professions. Farming and country life are attractive to so many people that the farming business usually tends to be somewhat overdone. There seldom is a serious shortage of farmers.

The chief attractions of farming as a career are not financial but social. They appeal to the man who wishes to stand on his own feet and issue his own orders; the man who loves plants

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and animals and the earth and sky; who values, more than dollars and cents, health, quietude, communion with nature, a close partnership with his family, — the man, in short, to whom wealth consists chiefly in things not to be bought with money. To be happy and successful in farming and country life one needs to have a genuine preference for simple living.

TO INTELLIGENT people of rural temperament farming is endlessly interesting. No man, or woman either, who has a trained and inquiring mind and a self-reliant spirit needs ever to be bored in the country. There is more "going on" on a good farm in a pleasant rural neighborhood than in the ordinary city, where virtually everything, including even much of the behavior of human beings, tends to be standardized and monotonous. The country provides abundantly for the interest of the mind and the spirit. It has the ever-changing sky and landscape, the teeming life of the soil, the procession of the seasons, the sunrises and sunsets, innumerable fascinating complexities of the physical, chemical and biological phenomena of earth and air and soil and of plant and animal life.

It is almost idle to discuss the immediate financial prospects of farming in determining the value of the latter as a career for young men finishing college in 1931. For one thing, nobody knows very much about the abatement of the economic depression now affecting farming and virtually all other occupations. For another, even a correct prediction — if one could be made — of financial returns from farming in the next five years might be realized, and a radically different prediction might be in order before young men who enter upon farming careers in 1931 could be more than fairly started. But all past experience supports the view that, in the long run, good farming in a good farming district in the United States is sufficiently profitable financially to support a good home life and provide for the essential amenities, and virtually certain to yield some of the most significant non-financial rewards to people who have sufficient appreciation of rural values to recognize and enjoy the rewards. Doubtless there always will be competition in farming. Because of the increasing use of science and machinery and because of the probable increase of appreciation of the social values inherent in farming and rural life, competition is more likely to increase than to diminish.

FARMING is not a career for molly-coddles. To be successful in it requires intelligence, resourcefulness, self-reliance, patience and hard work. "This hard work," said Emerson, "will always be done by one kind of man; not by scheming speculators, nor by soldiers, nor professors, nor readers of Tennyson; but by men of endurance — deep-chested, long-winded, tough, slow and sure, and timely." Improved machinery, modern facilities for transportation and communication and new knowledge rapidly are relieving farm life of drudgery and involuntary isolation, but farming still is a career for people of character, courage and energy.

For intelligent men and women of strong character who wish to spend

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their lives in pleasant, quiet places in close association with nature and with plants and animals and the earth, doing work that is exceedingly interesting and fundamentally important, farming is a career that is rich in genuine rewards and enduring satisfactions.

Engineering

By J. A. L. Waddell

Originator of the modern vertical-lift-bridge, author of many technical works and one of the most distinguished American engineers

I wish that what I have to say to the engineers of this year's graduating classes concerning opportunities were more encouraging. Our country is still feeling the depressing effects of the disastrous flurry in Wall Street that occurred a year and a half ago and put a quietus on loans for great engineering enterprises. However, there appears today to be a slight rift in the clouds of depression, and ere long the sun of prosperity must surely break through.

Setbacks in engineering come periodically and possibly are unavoidable, but I do not think so; because it is my belief that, if our Engineer-President be continued in office for a second term, he will succeed in smoothing out the salient irregularities in the American curve of general prosperity.

In sooth, though, there is no need whatsoever for discouragement, because the development of our great country is bound to advance in spite of all impediments; and, as world progress is primarily and fundamentally dependent upon the activities of the engineering profession, there is going to be plenty of occupation in the future for a vast army of young American engineers. Again, in our calling there is always plenty of room at the top, because men truly suitable for high positions are scarce, and are ever in demand.

Owing to the present extreme scarcity of work among engineers and the employers of engineering talent, it will be difficult for technical graduates next June to find satisfactory employment. Some of them may be compelled to accept positions they deem to be unworthy of their advanced education. To such I would recommend physical labor rather than a white-collar job which earns a bare living but teaches very little that is worth while for an engineer. Physical labor, connected either directly or indirectly with engineering, would be beneficial, not only by reason of the actual experience gained thereby, but also because it generally tends to build up one's constitution, especially after four

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years of sedentary life. Association with the lower grade of the laboring class affords useful experience, because that is the class that field and shop engineers have to direct. Such association will give a young alumnus an insight into the minds of the laborers, and may make him more lenient towards their failures and more in sympathy with their complaints than he would be without having had such intimate experience.

THOSE of this year's engineering alumni who are forced into uncongenial positions should bear constantly in mind the fact that the present untoward conditions are merely temporary, and that there is surely coming soon a prosperous time for technical men.

For those graduates whose financial condition will permit, this is a logical opportunity for taking a post-graduate course in the line of technics which most appeals to them; and for those who cannot raise the money to take such a course, this is a good time to carry on at night their technical studies. In fact, any time is suitable for such study; because, in order to be a truly successful practitioner, a man must be a student all his life. The engineer who thinks that graduation gives him the privilege of ceasing to study is the man who is going to fail in the achievement of professional success.

There are many good books — technical, semi-technical, and literary — that an ambitious young engineer ought to read and study; and these should be perused to the exclusion of trashy literature and an overabsorption in the daily newspapers. Books of high-class style and diction tend to give a man a superior knowledge and command of his mother tongue and a working acquaintance with foreign languages; hence the young engineer should provide himself with good literature and plenty of it. The great amount of it in this country available today for young engineers is recognized by very few persons. It is many times greater than it was in my student days or even a decade later, when I taught Civil Engineering in the Land of the Rising Sun. This fact was brought forcibly to my attention two years ago whilst I was acting as Consulting Engineer and Technical Adviser to the National Government of China. One of my numerous duties was to lay out and inaugurate a new and practical course in Civil Engineering for Nanyang University, the leading technical school of that country. My first step in so doing was to send to the U. S. A. for the best textbooks and books of reference in ten special lines of activity. There were between forty and fifty in all; and my examination of these proved to be an eye opener, because I had not been keeping in close touch with the advance in technical literature in other lines than my own specialty. The large number of truly first-class American books in the various specialties of Civil Engineering is a credit to our nation; hence the advice I beg to tender to ambitious tyros in our profession is read, Read, READ!

INSTEAD of my continuing to offer advice herein and run the risk of appropriating more than my allotted space, it would be far better to state that for more than half a century I

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have been writing for the benefit of younger engineers, and to tell where such writings can be found. Most of those of the last quarter of a century are contained in Skinner's "Memoirs and Addresses of Two Decades," and the older ones are included in Harrington's compilation of my "Principal Professional Papers." Again, in Waddell and Harrington's "Addresses to Engineering Students" are numerous papers that all young technical men should read and digest. Unfortunately, the two books last mentioned are out of print, but copies of them may be borrowed from some of the technical and public libraries.

It may interest some of you readers to learn that the American Association of Engineers, our country's most outstanding technical-welfare organization, has arranged to elicit and edit a comprehensive treatise on "Vocational Guidance in Engineering Lines," to be written by some fifty technical specialists of the highest standing for the benefit of high-school students and other young men who have an idea of tackling the study of engineering. The Association will not only undertake to issue the book but will see to its distribution where most needed during the next twenty years. It will also arrange for free examinations of young men concerning their mental capacity for assimilating technical knowledge and becoming successful engineers. It is my privilege to be the chairman of the Editorial Committee to elicit and edit that book, the other two members thereof being Mr. Frank W. Skinner, Consulting Engineer, and Prof. Harold E. Wessman. We hope to finish our work and issue the book within the next twelve months — after which the management of its utilization is to be assumed by the headquarters of the American Association of Engineers at Chicago.

Life Insurance

By L. Seton Lindsay

Second Vice-President, New York Life Insurance Company

The college graduates of 1931 are going to find that the business depression, which we all hope is now passing, has seriously interfered with the usual demand for those who are willing to start on a modest salary. Many, therefore, will be glad to learn about openings in business for which the chief requirements are a good character and the willingness to work. The life insurance companies of America offer college graduates an opportunity to win their way to the front solely on their own ability.

Now what are the qualifications necessary for success in this business? The successful agent must have, first, integrity. No permanent success can be achieved in any line

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without this fundamental requirement.

The second qualification necessary for success is the ability to work hard without too much supervision. An insurance company provides instruction for new agents, but their success will depend on their own initiative and energy. It is a simple thing to be industrious when your work is always laid out for you. An office worker is constantly having things brought to him which must be done, so he finds it easy to keep busy. But it is much more difficult to be your own manager and keep working when your job consists in going out and getting interviews with people and persuading them to buy.

Third, courage. When you have worked hard, landed a big policy and are counting on your commission to pay your rent and grocery bills, and the company writes you that your case is turned down, it takes real courage to smile, put on your hat and go right after another one.

Fourth, a little capital, not necessarily a bank account, but credit or backing or help at home, which will enable the new agent to keep going for two or three months while he is getting his business started.

MANY college men have had business experience that is helpful. Some have managed school papers, football and baseball teams, and other school organizations. Others have sold magazine subscriptions or done special outside work to help pay their college expenses. All such experience will be valuable to those who take up the selling of life insurance; for it affords not only a certain amount of business training but also an opportunity of learning something of human nature.

One of the most successful men in our business began when he was nineteen years old in Baltimore. He was a good football player. He started insuring the boys on his team and nearly all of them took policies. Then he insured members of the teams he played against. Through them he secured the names of hundreds of other young men and in no time he was the busiest young agent in the State. Today he is at the head of a great insurance agency and probably making between $50,000 and $100,000 a year.

THE President of my company has been in its service for fifty-one years. He started as an office boy in our Milwaukee office when he was fifteen years old. At twenty-one he became an agent. He wrote $250,000 of life insurance the first year, working in the little towns in the State of Iowa — a quarter of a million in those days was as much as half a million today. I myself began selling insurance when I was just twenty-one.

The late George W. Perkins, who started as an Agent of our Company, became its Vice-President, and, finally, a partner in the firm of J. Pierpont Morgan & Company, once said that anyone could succeed in our business if he wanted to badly enough. He meant that anyone could succeed if he were willing to pay the price, which in any business is plain, hard work intelligently directed.

The new insurance agent may expect to meet with frequent rebuffs, but if he has character and ability he will also gain an insight into the dreams, hopes and aspirations of

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many different types of people. Before long he will know how to persuade his prospects to use life insurance as a means toward the realization of at least some of their dreams.

Life insurance is a social service. First, it is the easiest way of saving money regularly over a long period of time to provide for comfort in the later years of life; this is important because most of us find it hard to save.

As we go along in life, we accumulate responsibilities to other people. For example, a young man marries, becomes a father. He expects to support his wife for life and to support and educate his children until they are grown. If he lives, he will fulfill these obligations. But he knows he may not live; and he is troubled when he realizes that the little property he has accumulated would not provide for his wife and children very long. So he buys life insurance and immediately creates an estate of $5,000, $10,000 or $50,000, which is paid to his family if he dies. If he lives, he has saved money for his own old age. You can see what satisfaction an agent experiences when he persuades a man to protect his family in this way.

Other persons will be interested in what we call educational insurance. A boy or girl wants to go to college. Father is willing; he buys an educational policy. As long as he lives, he is saving money for himself. If he dies, there is money for his son's or daughter's college expenses; his policy does for his children what he would have done, if he had lived. In the same way, a mortgage policy protects the home itself, so that if anything happens to Father, the mortgage will be paid and the home will remain in possession of the family.

One other example: Two partners in business insure their lives. When the first one dies, his partner will have money immediately, so that he can pay the widow her share of the business in cash and thus own the business entirely himself.

Even persons who have serious personal handicaps sometimes achieve outstanding successes in life insurance. Let me cite two interesting cases: A young foreigner making shoes in a shoe factory near Boston, seeing the need of insurance among the foreign-born of his community, went into the business and moved rapidly to the front, imbued with an almost religious fervor to protect women and children. Today he is an outstanding citizen, looked up to and respected by the biggest men in his community.

A prominent business man, earning $30,000 a year, suddenly lost his eyesight and was absolutely unable to continue his business. He took up life insurance and became one of the leading agents in his community. In addition, out of sympathy for fellow sufferers, and largely at his own expense, he had books of instruction printed for the blind agents. There was a case of real courage.

It is important to note that while only six and a half per cent of the population of the entire world is in the United States, yet seventy-four per cent of the 156 billions of dollars of life insurance of the entire world is in American and Canadian companies. This huge amount of in-

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surance has been likened by Darwin P. Kingsley, Chairman of our Board of Directors, to a great reservoir. Just as a city draws its water supply from its reservoir when needed, so do policyholders and their families receive cash funds from the life insurance reservoir when money is needed most — in the greatest emergencies of life — in old age, or when a family has lost its husband and father, or when the person insured becomes totally and permanently disabled for work. No wonder such men as Calvin Coolidge and other leaders in this country are glad to associate themselves with great life insurance companies.

The Ministry

By Charles Edward Jefferson

Pastor Emeritus of the Broadway Tabernacle Church

There is in the United States at the present time no more attractive and promising field open to a man fitted for moral leadership and desirous of making his life count for the most than that which is offered by the Christian ministry. The notion that the ministry is overcrowded is mistaken. Because there are clergymen here and there out of jobs, it does not follow that there is not abundant room for newcomers. The idea that the Christian Church is in a state of decadence and that the pulpit has ceased to be a force in the nation's life has no foundation. The church has never been so vigorous and useful and Christian as it is today. There has never been such an urgent call for able preachers as at the present hour. The assumption that the day of the pulpit is ended and that the occupation of the preacher is gone is a vagary which flourishes only in the heads of people who do not know the situation. The day of the preacher is just dawning.

A campaign of disparagement of the church and its ministry carried on with fiery zeal by a small coterie of professional detractors has created the impression in uninformed circles that organized Christianity has lost its grip and that religion is waning. Our generation is prolific in delusions. The gullible, like the poor, are always with us. Various forces have conspired to push into the limelight a vocal bunch of anti-religious wiseacres who by their endless and vociferous chatter have achieved a notoriety which they mistake for fame.

Young men in our academies and colleges should not allow themselves to be hoodwinked by the reckless talk of smart-Alecks who take delight in shocking people who are as credulous as they are ignorant. These men have no background and do not understand the world they are living in. They imagine that religion is ephemeral and that the Church of Christ can be killed by a

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dexterous use of the tongue or the pen. Religion, however, is as indestructible as man, and the Christian Church will go on her conquering way forever. Let no one imagine that Christianity is a sinking ship or that religion is going to be supplanted by science or philosophy or art.

The call to the Christian ministry is loud. The loudness of the call is determined by the magnitude of the need. That there is sore need of moral teachers and spiritual leaders cannot be denied by anyone acquainted with the world of today. Throughout the land large and influential churches are waiting for adequate men who do not come. All our cities are crying for capable interpreters of the ideas and ideals by which men live.

As a nation we are rich in silver and gold. We have more money than has any other nation. We need instruction as to how to use wealth in ways which will not degrade ourselves and hurt others. We are opulent in knowledge. We have covered the continent with schools. We have more colleges, more professors, more students than all the other nations of the world combined. We need encouragement to transmute our knowledge into wisdom. We are wealthy in physical force. We possess the mightiest apparatus of power ever entrusted to any people. We drive in our power-houses a team of two hundred million horses abreast. Our people need inspiration to use this power for the highest ends. Our power if misused will wreck the world.

We have high talent for organization and a genius for administration. In inventiveness no nation surpasses us, and in mass-production we lead the world. We are adepts in building machines but we are not expert yet in building men. Building men is the most urgent and critical enterprise of the next hundred years. Our material progress is phenomenal, our spiritual development is disappointing. What we need above everything else is not bankers or engineers or captains of industry or manufacturers or merchant princes but men in the pulpit who will hold high all the standards and make ethical ideas glorious. We have worked miracles in commerce and industry, we are waiting for miracles in the realm of moral achievement. Here is the opportunity for men of capacious brain and intrepid spirit. Without moral leaders of the finest fiber there is no hope for the future. Unless we have competent interpreters of the fundamental principles of conduct we shall all land in the ditch. Without vision the people perish. That is the verdict of history. In all our cities and in every country town we must have in our pulpits men of spiritual vision who know how to expound moral ideals and convert them into living forces in the hearts of men.

Our expanding population is massing itself more and more in huge cities. These aggregations of men and women must be trained to live together. Who is going to do this vastly difficult and indispensable work if it is not done by the Christian Church? What can the church accomplish without daring and disciplined and masterful leaders?

If a young man is ambitious to make money let him keep away from

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the ministry. If he craves short hours and an easy time let him never think of entering the pulpit. If he wants to be popular and spend his life in retailing moral commonplaces and in echoing the opinions of his parish, he is not the kind of man the world is now looking for. The Christian pulpit is for indefatigable workers and dauntless heroes, for men whose supreme ambition is to extend the reign of God over all the kingdoms of human life, the ideal social order, the society founded in justice and dominated by kindness and good-will. There are many obstacles, numberless difficulties, exasperating delays, and heartbreaking disappointments. The opposition is fierce and the misrepresentation is endless. Let every man calculate the cost before he goes in. The way of the Christian minister is now, as always, the way of the Cross. The need for industry and courage and sacrifice in the American pulpit was never greater than now.

It is the greatness of the need that renders the call so imperative and alluring. The hour challenges the very best in the men who are strongest. Weaklings can do nothing. Slackers are a curse. This is a grown man's job. Ours is a time which calls for Prophets, men who speak for God, men who proclaim the will of God, men who with an open throat denounce wrong, men who scourge dishonesty and falsehood and meanness, men who know how to sensitize the public conscience, and to kindle moral passion and to exalt the duty of public service and to glorify the spirit of sacrifice. Men cannot live by bread alone, they live by beauty and truth and goodness.

To help men live aright is the preacher's crowning work. The work is so manifold and so arduous that it taxes every faculty of the soul. To think through the vexing problems of these tangled times, to give men guidance in a day of fog, to set forth great moral truths in words which the man in the street can understand, so to unfold the cardinal principles of life as to kindle the imagination and woo the heart, is a task which calls for every ounce of a man's body and mind and spirit.

If a young man has a love for human beings and enjoys being with them and working with them and working for them, and if he has a mind which sees and a tongue which knows how to speak, and if he desires to make his life count for the utmost in the strengthening of his nation and the cause of humanity throughout the world, he cannot do better than to dedicate himself without fear and without reserve to the work of the Christian ministry.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THOSE of the Landscape's readers who are unable to see the direct connection between the mechanistic developments of our own age and the happiness of the individual will find much aid and comfort in Gina Lombroso's *The Tragedies of Progress*, just now published by Dutton. The author looks backward to Arcady, when the Greeks refused to allow the secrets of medical science to be divulged — when the principal goal of thinkers was philosophy, and not methods for increasing production. A great many people in many parts of the world are thinking about the Machine Age just now, and no matter what one's point of view may be, the Lombroso book will be found stimulating and thought-provoking. Perhaps it is only fair for the Landscaper to confess that he is on the side of the Greeks, although, having been nurtured on the Emersonian theory of Compensation, he is not altogether willing to have the Machine tossed into the discard and all the altars to Materialism blown sky-high with Nobel dynamite. The Landscaper is fully convinced of the truth of the Biblical saying that man cannot live by bread alone; it is difficult to understand how the most hardened skeptic can fail to be impressed by the persistence with which the race seeks something outside its physical satisfactions. Here in our own country, every sort of ancient cult finds its followers, and astrology, as old as the Assyrians, interests us almost as much as the scientific analysis of the effect of our favorite cigarette upon our health and social acceptability.

Mr. Galsworthy on Happiness

JOHN GALSWORTHY said the other day in the course of a New York lecture that he knew only one real source of happiness, which was complete absorption in one's work. With this thought still in mind, the Landscaper spent a day in a great printing plant, where books are turned out by the thousands on the Ford system, and watched many men and women at their machines. . . . A day's work consists of so many mechanical gestures, and so far as the emotional satisfaction is concerned, these people might just as well be canning tomatoes, for what they are working on is not a book, the product of some one's mind and

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effort, but a set of sheets, a binding case, a bit of crash to be glued to a backstrip. How can they be so absorbed in work of this sort as to be happy? The answer is obvious; they cannot. Happiness comes at the end of the day, if at all. This criticism of the Machine Age has been voiced thousands of times and answered just as often, it is true, but not to the satisfaction of this observer. But whether the Landscaper's attitude has been reached by reason or whether it is altogether the result of his having lived in an agricultural environment in his young years and of having had generations of ancestors who lived on the land — who were farmers, no matter what their vocations — is a difficult question to answer.

Any one whose life is spent with books might be expected to think a variety of thoughts upon stepping into a plant where they are manufactured. There is something disturbing about the perfection of machinery that pours out a Niagara of bound copies; something that causes nightmares. First of all, one thinks of that brilliant remark of Mussolini's at the time of our crash in the autumn of 1929, a remark that very nearly swung the Landscaper to the side of the Italian dictator, which was: "Production is mechanical, but consumption is human," the neatest summary of the present economic dilemma of this country that has ever been made. It applies with especial force to books, where so much depends upon intangible qualities of appeal. Actually, the books that can stand machine production must, in most instances, be of a low mental level — of the level, let us say, of the movies, the radio, and other forms of popular amusement.

The Standardized Book

IN SHORT, standardized production implies standardization of the product, and the thoughts set in motion by this statement are none too pleasant. The present publishing season has been interesting to study because the poor state of business in general has caused great emphasis to be laid upon "sure-fire merchandise," in short, upon books of a wide popular appeal. And what type of books have been chosen for the small-town circulating library sale of our country? The answer is easy: The season began with *Venus on Wheels*, and has gone on with *Naked on Roller Skates*, *Pick-Up*, *Impatient Virgin*, and so on and so on. . . . Perhaps there is some significance in these rambling remarks. Perhaps, on the other hand, it would be just as well for the Landscaper to get down to business and write about the books that are now stacked about him, leaving philosophizing to his betters.

Interest continues in Russia, at least in the judgment of most of the publishers in this country. The opinion seems fairly general that the Five-Year Plan is actually on its way to some sort of success; that the Russians are driving steadily toward the creation of as neat an imitation of this country as they can make, which is the most magnificent piece of irony of this century. The opinion is just as general that Capitalism is to be profoundly influenced in its social aspects by what goes on in Russia during the next few years;

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there is little doubt that much of the thinking and planning done in this country since the Great Crash has been influenced by the Soviet threat to the existing order.

Three Books About Lenin

THREE of the new books on the general subject of Russia are about Lenin, and they offer an interesting diversity of opinion regarding the Father of His Country. Prince D. S. Mirsky, the well-known authority on Russian literature, and, as one might suspect from the title, a member of the old order, has done one, *Lenin* (Little, Brown, $2.50), which is altogether in praise of its subject, the Prince having gone over completely to Soviet rule in the past year or so. He has the enthusiasm of a convert. On the other hand, Ferdinand Ossendowski's *Lenin, God of the Godless* (Dutton, $3.75), paints Lenin as the orthodox in economics and religion would like to believe him to have been, in short, with horns, hooves, and a forked tail. Ossendowski has an unerring feeling for the sensational, and his book will entertain any one who enjoys reading about horrors. It is a little difficult to take it seriously, however, as its emotional motivation is all too plain. The third of the new books about Lenin is better balanced than these two, and contains, in addition to its biographical material, a fine, clear analysis of recent Russian history. This is *Lenin, Red Dictator*, by George Vernadsky (Yale University Press, $3), translated by Malcolm W. Davis. Mr. Vernadsky's history of Russia has already been mentioned here before; it is exactly the right book for an intelligent reader who wishes to know the historical background of the existing situation. His study of Lenin is that of an historian, reasonably unbiased, and intellectually sincere. It deserves the heartiest recommendation of the three books; certainly if only one of the lot is to be read, it will prove most satisfactory except to those who wish to have their prejudices confirmed one way or the other.

Russian Foreign Trade

ONE of the other new books on Russia is *Soviet Foreign Trade: Menace or Promise*, by J. M. Budish and Samuel S. Shipman (Liveright, $2.50). Both these gentlemen are associated with the Amtorg, the Soviet purchasing agency in this country, and the U.S.S.R. does not get any the worst of it in their book, as might be expected. They paint the rosiest possible picture of the potentialities of Russian trade, and it seems obvious enough that their country is likely to become our largest customer within a very short time unless political considerations interfere with commerce. This, it might be added, is not likely to occur. If Russian trade is sufficiently large, it is reasonably sure that scruples will not annoy us too much. Another book is *Pan-Sovietism* by Bruce Hopper (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), which is really a study of the Soviets in operation, with some comment upon the possible effect of the success of the Communistic experiment on the rest of the world. The author wonders if Russia and the United States are to meet in a death struggle for world supremacy. . . . Houghton Mifflin are also publishing *New Russia's Primer* by M. Ilin, a little

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book originally intended for distribution in Russia to explain the Five-Year Plan, which has now been chosen by one of our book clubs. It is a most interesting document.

A Reporter's Life Story

THERE are fewer books about our own country on hand just now than is customary, but one of the lot will go some distance toward making up for the scarcity. This is *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens* (Harcourt, Brace, two volumes, $7.50), which is the record to date of one of the best newspapermen this country has ever turned out. His name ought to be familiar to every one; certainly none of us old enough to recall the Era of Muckraking have forgotten the valiant service he did in those piping times, when we all had the naïve faith that it was only necessary to expose evil to destroy it. This remark is over-cynical, for Steffens, Ida M. Tarbell, and others did accomplish much real good. Steffens has told the whole story in his *Autobiography*, packed it with names and incidents, and made it interesting to read. It is an historical document of real importance, as well as the record of a splendidly adventurous and courageous career. One hopes that it will be put in some handy place around all our schools of journalism. . . . It gets a triple-star from the Landscaper this month.

Other books that are about ourselves and our country include Dr. John T. Faris's *Roaming America* (Farrar and Rinehart, $3), which is a gossipy guide-book to the territory easily reachable by following the main highways. It is admirably done, filled with interesting information and ought to prove a *vade mecum* for the intelligent motorist, who really wants to know something about the country traversed. There is a good map in the back. In fact, all it needs is a good first-aid kit to be indispensable for motoring. Then there is a large volume on *Our American Music*, by John Tasker Howard (Crowell, $6), some 766 pages of information about music in this country, with many illustrations, a full bibliography, a complete index, and sketches of dozens of the young composers who may in time do something to give us standing in this branch of art. Mr. Howard has said all there is to say; his work has been thoroughly and intelligently done, and the book should be useful as a work of reference for years to come. *The Pinkertons: A Detective Dynasty* by Richard Wilmer Rowan (Little, Brown, $3) tells the whole tale of the work of the Pinkertons through the Civil War period, and the time of the Molly Maguires in the Pennsylvania coal fields, down to the present. There is plenty of excitement in the book, and it is both readable and informative. It is probably just as well to snatch a novel from the fiction classification, and mention it here, since it is so definitely about America.

An Englishman on America

THIS is *Juan in America* by Eric Linklater (Cape and Smith, $2.50), which is a satire on many, many phases of life in this country, written by a shrewd Englishman who has travelled widely and well. It will not offend any except the unco

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patriotic, and it is not too much overdrawn; Mr. Linklater remains within the bounds of caricature. There is a lot of good-humored raillery in the book, and whether one reads it merely as entertainment or as witty commentary upon the present state of affairs in the United States, it will prove worth the money.

There is no dearth of biography at present, although it is fairly safe to say that the vogue of the past five years is declining, perhaps because we are running out of easily available material, and perhaps, again, because the public is a little weary of the fictionized type of biography, which may be very, very good, in the hands of a master, and very, very bad when it is no more than an excuse for the dodging of research. The subjects at present range from Haroun Al-Rashid to Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. H. P. B. is rather roughly handled by C. E. Bechofer-Roberts (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $3.50), the title of the book being *The Mysterious Madame*. It is principally concerned with the life story of Madame Blavatsky, although it is also brought down to date by some account of the activities of Annie Besant and her Messiah, Jedda Krishamurtri. Theosophists will not like the book at all; others will find it interesting reading. *Haroun Al-Rashid's* book is by Gabriel Audisio, a distinguished French Orientalist, who paints the famous Caliph of Bagdad in lurid colors, and emphasizes the licentiousness of the times, and especially of the Court. McBride is the publisher of this somewhat sensational volume, and the price is $3.50. The translation is none too good.

Mrs. Chapman as Biographer

Followers of the work of Maristan Chapman in the way of romantic novels of Southern mountaineers may be a little surprised to discover Mrs. Chapman in the part of the biographer of a Frenchman of the Second Empire, but her *Imperial Brother: The Life of the Duc de Morny* (Viking, $3.50) is an excellent book. The Duc de Morny was a many-sided person, as well he might have been, considering his ancestry. He was the natural son of Queen Hortense of Holland, and his grandfather was none other than Talleyrand; he was also related to the Empress Josephine and Beauharnais. At the court of his half brother, Napoleon III, the Duc de Morny matched wits with Eugenie and was one of the principal actors in the sorry tragedy of Maximilian. He was an intimate of both Bismarck and Palmerston. Mrs. Chapman's material is full of interest and she has handled it skilfully, her training as a novelist standing her in good stead.

Other recent biographies of importance are Fairfax Downey's *Burton — Arabian Nights Adventurer* (Scribner, $3.50), a thrilling account of one of the most remarkable men that ever lived in this age or any other, admirably done; *George Washinton, the Son of His Country* by Paul Van Dyke (Scribner, $2.50), the story of the early years of the first President and especially a study of the formative influences that exerted their power up to the entrance of Washington into national affairs; *Galileo: Searcher of the Heavens* by Emile Namer (McBride, $3.75), a modern biography of a great scien-

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tist; *Cleopatra: A Royal Voluptuary* by Oskar Von Wertheimer (Lippincott, $5), a most agreeable departure from the ordinary kind of biography of this lady, since it is an honest attempt to show her as a keen politician who never forgot her kingdom, and since Herr Von Wertheimer has not overemphasized the sexual elements in her story — in short, a good, solid piece of German scholarship; and *Cervantes*, by T. Y. Ybarra (A. and C. Boni, $3), a superficial story of the life of the great Spaniard, which, while readable enough, does not add anything to existing knowledge, or, in other words, the sort of book that might be turned out by any good journalist with the time and patience to read fifteen or twenty of the existing lives of Cervantes.

A Contemporary Genius

THEN there is *Flying Dutchman: A Life of Fokker* by Anthony H. G. Fokker and Bruce Gould, the autobiography of the airplane designer, which is the revelation of one of the most remarkable personalities of our times, a man who is unquestionably a mechanical genius of the first order, with a great many of the familiar eccentricities of genius. His account of the invention of the synchronized machine gun is incredible, and yet it is well-known to be true, and much the same thing might be said of his exploit at the end of the World War, when he smuggled trainloads of airplanes and airplane parts out of Germany into Holland right under the noses of the Allied Commission. Fokker is only forty now; he was in his early twenties when his ships dominated the air on the Western Front and came dangerously near to giving Germany the victory. His autobiography is candidly revealing, and Mr. Gould, who has helped him with it, does not interfere at all with the perfect self-portraiture of the book, which is important as airplane history, but far more interesting as the story of an extraordinary man.

A life of Nietzsche combined with a study of his philosophy is *Friedrich Nietzsche* by George Burman Foster (Macmillan, $2.50). This is a reasoned piece of work, showing both the strength and the weakness of its subject. Curtis W. Reese acted as editor — the manuscript was left almost complete at the death of Mr. Foster in 1918 — and an excellent introduction has been provided by A. Eustace Haydon. An intimate story of court life in Rumania is Konrad Bercovici's *That Royal Lover* (Brewer, Warren, and Putnam, $2.50), which is the tale of Queen Marie, King Ferdinand, and their son, Carol. This is a *chronique scandaleuse*, as might be expected, but Mr. Bercovici is supposed to know his Rumania. This brings the biography section to a close, except for a passing mention of the publication of *The Life and Adventures of Carl Laemmle*, which is by John Drinkwater (Putnam, $3.50). Mr. Drinkwater tries very hard to explain why he chose Mr. Laemmle to write a biography of, but without much success. The book is pretty bad; there was no particular reason why it should have been written in the first place, and its intrinsic merits do not go any further toward justifying its existence. Mr. Laemmle is a successful motion picture producer, as almost every one knows, and not even Mr. Drinkwater can make any-

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thing more out of a successful motion picture producer than a successful motion picture producer. There is an introduction by Will H. Hays.

A Variety of Fiction

ONE of the most engaging of recent novels is an English satire by John Collier and called *His Monkey Wife or Married to a Chimp* (Appleton, $2.50). In brief, it is the story of the return from Africa to England of a young Englishman. His companion is a lady chimpanzee named Emily. Once at home, he falls in love with a pretty girl, but after many difficulties decides to marry Emily and return to Africa. This is a highly entertaining piece of fiction, and also a sharp and amusing comment upon civilization. It is no small feat to hold the interest of the reader in a book of this kind and to give its impossible story plausibility, but Mr. Collier has succeeded in both and heartily deserves a hearing. Brainerd Beckwith's *Galloping Down* (Century, $2), is a fine, stirring story of Irishmen and horses, which begins in Ireland and finishes in Canada, a book that is sure to delight any one who has ever loved horses. There is a good love story, while the tale is not without its melodramatic touches, it holds the interest to the very end, its especial strength lying in the well-portrayed conflict between a wild father and his son. This is Mr. Beckwith's second novel, and it reveals a sound talent, one that is well worth watching. It is refreshing to find a novelist in these days who has real enthusiasm for his subject, and this Mr. Beckwith has — he can set the pulses stirring — provided again one has ever loved horses — by the mere mention of the beasts. It is probably not necessary to explain that the Landscaper pretty well grew up on horseback, and that one of his deepest sorrows is the replacement in his own part of the country of good saddle horses with Fords.

About Family Life

OF FICTION, the past few weeks have produced nothing really startling in excellence, although, as usual, there is no dearth of novels that will serve to relieve the *tedium vitae*. One of the best of these is Susan Glaspell's cleverly conceived and neatly executed study of family life, *Ambrose Holt and Family* (Stokes, $2.50), which stands as a tragi-comedy, and which is rich in overtones, and filled with quiet wit. Almost any one who has ever been a part of a family should enjoy this book. Two novels of our own immediate times are Stephen French Whitman's excellent *Here's Luck: A Social Footnote* (Appleton, $2.50), the story of a gangster, written by a serious literary artist, who sees our lords of industry as picaresque heroes in direct line of descent from all soldiers of fortune; and *The Parable of the Virgins* by Mary Lapsley (Richard R. Smith, $2.50), the story of life in one of our women's colleges, frankly and honestly done, and bearing no traces of exaggeration, a rather remarkable social document. A novel departure in fiction technique is to be found in Ruth Putnam Mason's *Woman Walks Alone* (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $2.50), in which the story is told by the production of the thoughts of the characters, as in O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*.

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A Novel of the Amazon

ANOTHER of the recent novels that has its remarkable qualities is *The Forest Ship* by Arnold Hollriegel (Viking, $2.50), which has been translated by Edith Colburn Mayne, and which is told by a Marlowe-like gentleman. It is a story of the adventures of the Spaniard Orellana in the Amazon country, worked out by a clever device, and thoroughly good reading. *Thirty-One Families Under Heaven* by George Fink, translated by Lillie C. Hummel (Liveright, $2.50), is a novel of life in the slums of Berlin that will recall Knut Hamsun's *Hunger;* an honest and forthright book, not for the weak-stomached exactly, but a credible picture of what goes on in our modern rabbit-warrens. Then there is a new novel by Felix Salten, the author of *Bambi, Samson and Delilah* (Simon and Schuster, $2.50) in which Salten rings some changes on the Biblical story with a fair degree of success. And last, but not least, the fourth *American Caravan* (Macaulay, $5), the annual of the vanguardists, which is always interesting because of its examples of trends in writing. The present volume is up to the standard of its predecessors, an important chapter in literary history, with a good many pieces in it that are worth reading for their intrinsic merits, provided, of course, one does not mind too much the experimental in art.

The Story of the War

UNDER the all-inclusive head of miscellaneous, the most important recent book is quite obviously General John J. Pershing's *My Experiences in the World War* (Stokes, two volumes, $10), which by the time this appears will be on the best-seller lists. The Landscaper has done no more than sample the volumes, and while he cannot honestly report that Pershing is an exciting writer, there is a world of stuff that is as interesting as it is important. The publishers have given the books a fine dress, and there is no doubt that from our point of view this is the outstanding contribution to the story of the war. There are many illustrations, good indexes, and all the necessary paraphernalia for reference work.

Thomas Craven's *Men of Art* (Simon and Schuster, $3), a book club choice that is an excellent buy for the money — the publishers originally intended bringing it out at $6 — is a worth while volume, partly because it is certain to arouse antagonisms in the breast of any one who has ever looked at pictures and liked them. Mr. Craven writes from a single point of view, and is therefore irritating; his taste is not at all catholic, and the people he does not happen to like are given short shrift, but he expresses himself well, and he manages to cover an astonishing lot of territory, as the fat volume ranges from "The World Before Giotto" to the work of the Mexican Orozco. Of the Modernists Mr. Craven thinks very little; he likes the people best who were closest to the life about them, men such as Hogarth, Daumier, Goya, and in our own country, Ryder, and he allows his Puritanical prejudices to sway some of his judgments. But one expects to find things to quarrel with in a book of this kind. It would not be

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worth the paper it is printed on if it did not start arguments. The writing is sound and good, and the illustrations profuse and beautifully reproduced, although blacks-and-whites obviously cannot be fair to painters whose skill lay in their use of color.

For those who like adventure stories of another sort, Julian Duguid's *Green Hell* (Century, $4) is hereby recommended. It is the account of travels in South American jungles of four men, a Russian tiger-hunter, an English cinematographer, a Bolivian diplomat, and an Irish writer — Mr. Duguid being the last mentioned. It is a splendidly written story of incredible hardships of all kinds, floods, wild animals, insects, and Indians. The exact territory traversed lies in Bolivia, and few white men have ever seen it — few would wish to after reading the book. This is another of the Landscaper's triple-starred volumes for the month. There are two other books about this part of the world that are also worthy of attention, *Djuka, The Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana*, by Morton C. Kahn (Viking, $3.50), a fine scientific study of a primitive people; and *The White Gods* by Richard Friedenthal (Harper, $3.50), the story of Cortez and the Incas, done against a magnificent background by a German scholar who can write.

The Glands and People

One wishes for more space at this point, but even with what little there is left, it is necessary to mention a few other books that deserve fuller treatment: For example, Charles R. Stockard's *The Physical Basis of Personality* (Norton), an excellent scientific volume that should interest any intelligent reader; *Taming the Criminal: Adventures in Penology* by John Lewis Gillin (Macmillan, $3.50), an optimistic account of the world-wide efforts toward improved handling of offenders against society; *Germany and the Germans* by Eugen Diesel (Macmillan, $2), a study of the country and its people by a German; and if you have not already read it by this time, *Men and Memories* by Sir William Rothenstein (Coward-McCann), an English artist's rich memoirs. For those who dream of Taormina, or some of the other blessed places in Sicily, Arnold Wood's little volume, *High Spots in Sicily* (Sears, $1.50) will prove useful as an informal guide; there is a preface by Emanuele Grazzi, Royal Italian Consul General in New York. Mr. Wood knows and loves the country and is anxious for others to enjoy it. And for all those who write, there is a brand-new edition of Roget's Thesaurus, this time called *Roget's Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms*, and arranged as a dictionary by C. O. Sylvester Mawson. Putnam is the publisher and the price is $3.50 for the regular edition, or $4 for the thumb-indexed volume. This is a noteworthy improvement upon one of the indispensable tools of literary effort, and ought to be on the desks of all those who use words and who can not keep in their minds the contents of the unabridged dictionary.

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